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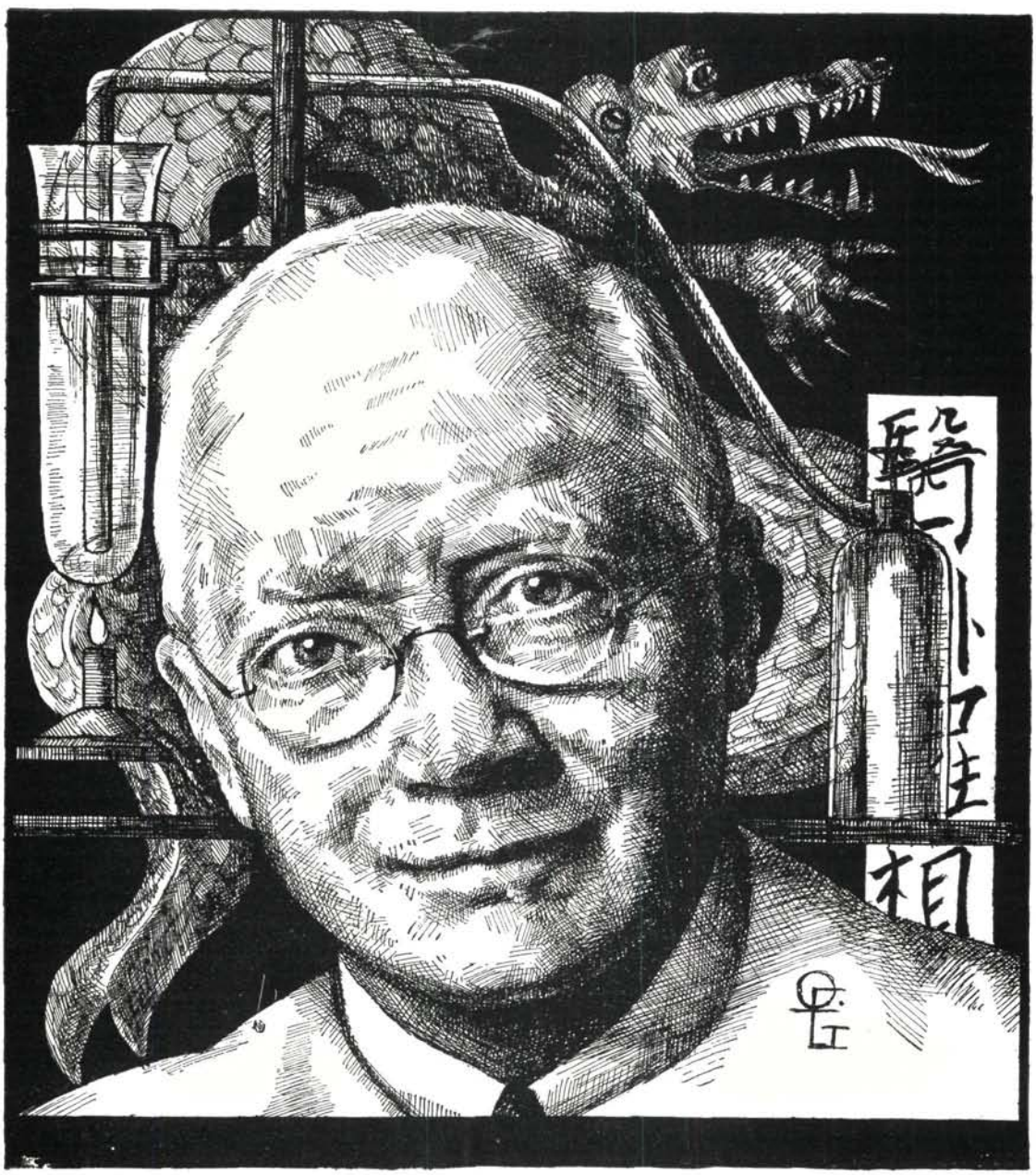

Edward H. Hume, author of "Doctors East, Doctors West." (See Page 7)

Behind the Barbed Wire

By T. V. SMITH

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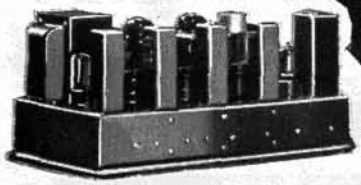

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This review* by Christopher Morley has sold 3150 copies of the book!

The Pale Blonde of Sands Street

By WILLIAM CHAPMAN WHITE

WILLIAM WHITE

THIS is a fresh version of an ancient fo'c'sle yarn, invented and repeated by sailors all over the seven seas; the kind of fantasy stimulated by long voyages and woman-hunger. This telling adapts it to the United States Navy, and it begins on Sands Street which "runs through lower Brooklyn like a varicose vein." Sands Street serves the main gate of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, a series of cheap lodgings, laundries, lunches, tattoo parlors and small trinket chandlers. Here, in the early dawn, sailor meets girl. He is Johnny Smith, a green boy from South Dakota (the State, not the battleship), released for twelve hours liberty. She is Katie, on her way to work in a restaurant. Hiya, Babe, Hello, Sailor, and they have coffee together. He's just in from a long voyage, and tells her there are five things he has dreamed of doing in New York. Four of them are to talk to a girl, ride in the subway, see grass, buy a meal that costs more than thirteen dollars (because his burly oldtime seaman friend, Lardlips, boasted having paid that for a swell meal in San Francisco). The fifth ambition, and how it was frustrated, is the gist of this fable—which is best in the earlier half. The simple and natural desire of the two for each other, and their ramble in the great city, are in a vein of excellent understanding. But when they go back to the girl's room in Brooklyn, they get somehow at cross purposes; timid and suspicious Johnny flees, leaving the girl in despair. How she goes spook on us, and her wraith with hair the color of a pale cold sunset visits Navy ships all over the world searching for Johnny, embarrassing sailors in their moments of lowest and loneliest, is the wardroom and Naval Reserve cleanup of the mermaid fancy. How Katie and Johnny meet again is better for the reader to discover. The Pale Blonde of Sands Street is told with plenty of Navy color, but the comedy and candor are better than the pathos.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

(Price, $2.50)

THE VIKING PRESS

*Appearing in the *Book-of-the-Month Club News* for March, this review brought in 3150 direct orders to the Club, at the full retail price, within a month. The book is available at $2.50 from your bookseller.

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Dialogue in the night

SELF: I'd like to bring up the matter of Charley Finney's PAST THE END . . .

OTHER SELF: (*not necessarily better or worse*) I know, PAST THE END OF THE PAVEMENT. Let's see, it's been four years since we published that book again, hasn't it?

S: That's right. First in 1939, then again in 1942, and here it is 1946.

O.S: You sound as though you thought this sort of thing ought to happen every four years. Aren't you getting it confused with leap year or the Olympic Games? What's the book got that makes you act like this?

S: (*stubbornly*) I don't know what it's got, but I know it's a wonderful, true, and funny book that hasn't ever reached its people.

O.S: What people?

S: The people who would love it . . .

O.S: You want people to love books?

S: Suggest me something better.

O.S: Don't change the subject, Finney's book is about two little boys, isn't it? A juvenile then . . . a book for kids.

S: Assuredly the book contains two such characters, but they are not what the book is about and the book is not for children.

O.S: Don't get huffy What's it about then, and why not for kids, or children if you prefer?

S: Well, these two boys are always bringing home pets, and . . .

O.S: Sounds fine for kids

S: Well, it is in a way, but

O.S: But what . . . I don't believe you *know* what the book's about.

S: It's about the world of nature and the world of people, the world of childhood and the adult world.

O.S: No wonder the book doesn't sell, there're too many worlds in it. Who else is in the book besides the two boys and all these worlds?

S: The boys' mother, Tar Beach, The Reverend Mister Jackson, assorted snakes, turtles, coons

O.S: You haven't even come close to selling me yet. What is the most interesting character in the book?

S: The drake, I suppose. He's the one most people remember the best.

O.S: You mean the drake who . . . that lecherous old drake?

S: Exactly, the drake who . . . that's what I mean. People remember the drake chapter. He's like a sort of male Amber, only not so particular. Maybe it's the funniest chapter in the book, but it's not the best. The quieter chapters you remember longer, the chapters containing paragraphs of such sheer delight that you can hardly wait to corner somebody to read aloud to.

O.S: Granting that this book is as good as you think it is, what makes you think you can sell it? After all you've had two cracks at it.

S: Look, I've been in this business for a long time; books as good as this always sell . . . sooner or later.

O.S: Sounds to me as if it's getting pretty late. You still haven't told me much about the book I can get my teeth in.

S: You sound like you were in the market for a puppy biscuit. Damn it, this is a book. It costs two dollars. You can order it through any bookstore. It's a beautiful book, it has truth in it, and integrity, and understanding. You'll be richer for having read it.

O.S: Well, you don't have to lose your temper. I'm just trying to help. What do you want to do—publish it again?

S: We still have stock . . . and with printing the way it is, and paper . . .

O.S: Why don't you advertise it some more, then maybe you could get something started. It sounds to me like the sort of book one person has to sell to another.

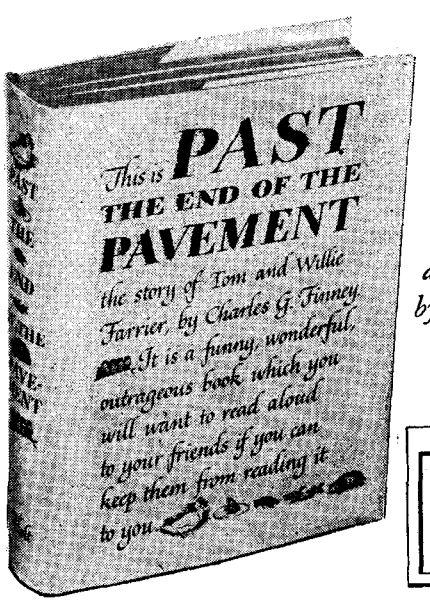
S: That's exactly what kind of a book it is, but what kind of advertising copy can you write about a book you can't even adequately describe to your other self?

O.S: That's your problem, not mine. Why don't you use one of those page ads in the SRL?

S: If I thought I could write some copy that would be interesting I would, but all I could say would be PAST THE END OF THE PAVEMENT IS A WONDERFUL BOOK. YOU'LL LOVE IT That would look silly on a page all by itself.

O.S: Maybe you'll think of something. Why don't you just sit down at a typewriter and see what happens.

S: All right, I will, first thing tomorrow morning.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The Saturday Review of Literature

Behind the Barbed Wire

BY T. V. SMITH

Two years ago the War Department began to develop a program for the reëducation of the 360,000 German prisoners of war held in the United States. The Prisoner of War Special Projects Division of the Office of the Provost Marshal General was organized, and specially qualified officers were trained to foster the program in every prisoner of war camp throughout the country. The success of the program, which until V-E Day was carried out in secret, was widely reflected in changed political and social attitudes and in the ever-increasing liberalization of the prisoners' moods and attitudes. In May 1945, an experiment by the Special Projects Division was begun with Dr. Howard Mumford Jones, a frequent contributor to this magazine, as Director of Education. As a result, the German Schools Branch of the Prisoner of War Special Projects Division was established at Fort Getty, R. I., with Lieut. Colonel Alpheus W. Smith as School Commandant and Lieut. Colonel T. V. Smith as Chief of the American History Department.

I STOOD there, an autumn evening at sunset, behind the barbed wire of a German prisoner-compound, looking at a dozen P.O.W.'s as they themselves in silence watched the sun go down across Narragansett Bay. Not a word was spoken, as far as I could hear. The New England panorama noiselessly fulfilled itself in glory and then faded slowly into cosmic night. The sea of Nazi faith "was once too at the full," I intoned softly to myself, "and round earth's shore lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled." Now, however, that the ebb had come, I reflected, they

> only hear
> Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
> Retreating, to the breath
> Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
> And naked shingles of the world.

The dozen German prisoners stood in single file upon Fort Getty's high bank of the Bay with their hands behind their backs, stood so long and so eloquently that at last I walked away, without my reverence at the scene having been so much as remarked by them. The barracks peopled by their prisoner colleagues, two hundred or so, were already aglow with artificial light, for the free study period was on—and how the Germans do use their time! They even study with a vengeance, I said to myself as I left the compound for my own nightly duties; they wreak themselves upon their books as they have wreaked themselves upon their neighbors in Europe.

And yet I must hasten to correct the impression that I am making, and set my story in just and proper perspective. These prisoners, though Germans, were not Nazis. Of course no German is a Nazi, not now that the vile business has rotted; but these prisoners were never Nazis. Not if our circumspection had half its presumed strength; for we had shifted their records back and forth for many an hour, interviewing them personally and resorting upon occasion to the scientific lie-detector, to make certain that these men were what they claimed to be. Many of them, it appeared, had risked more and suffered more in risk against that wrong than had I. I had been only a talker against it, in America, while it was rising in Germany; and then when it burst in fury upon the world, I had been only a military governor in a safe spot in Italy while these men had been in their own homeland victims of its vileness. Not a few of them had in fact been taken from Nazi concentration camps when manpower grew short and thrust into service units away from the front yet to be bombed by us for what they hated, or to be captured by us (as these had been, mostly in North Africa) when the going got tough. Now I had returned safely from North Africa and then from directing the reëducation of Italy for the Allied Armies, returned to meet these men in prison garb behind barbed wire.

In prison but not prisoners entire, these men were my allies, as well as my students—some of them indeed my friends, though friendship is a coy virtue behind barbed wire. They had wanted to be reëducated. They had volunteered for democratization. They had shed their rank, foresworn any will to escape, and had pledged us their service for military government in Germany. They were now working, day and night, with characteristic intensity, at the job. With too much intensity, I kept worrying to myself. This sunset scene was, therefore, much to my taste, as was, too, the afternoon baseball hour. Here at sunset a dozen of them at least had come upon a moment of wistful relaxation, of "wise passiveness," as Wordsworth had it, through which it might be that some impulses from autumn or ocean or night could conspire to teach them more of man, as Wordsworth prescribes,

> Of moral evil and of good
> Than all the sages can.

NOT that these men were not already learning all that could be taught them. They lapped up Military Government, taught them by that gentle soldier and sagacious man, Major Burnham Del; for every trick of this trade would come in handy

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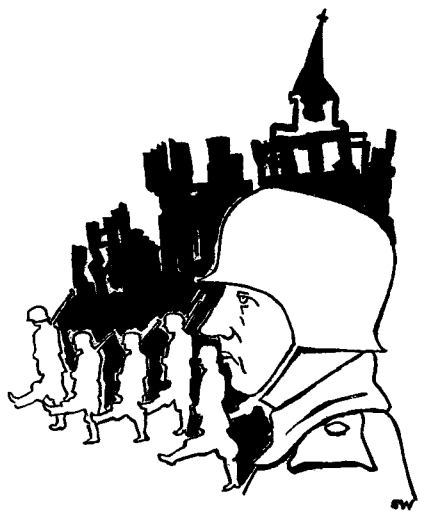
for them as our helpers in governing their fellow-countrymen, as they returned shortly to Germany as civilians. They steeped themselves in English, to which Major Henry Smith was adroitly and clairvoyantly subjecting them hour upon hour in endless imitation, endlessly corrected and tirelessly improved. The tricks of their administrative trade and these tools of communication they could learn, and were indeed mastering, with breathless celerity. After a few weeks, they would further perfect their English by teaching themselves more military government *in English*—and doing both jobs for themselves almost as well as we could do it for them.

But the great trouble was, as it always is with these matters of interpersonal delicacy, that what most needs to be learned cannot be taught, not at least until it is already more than half learned. The teaching business is indeed much like the predicament of the countryman who couldn't seem to understand this new-fangled thing called "radar" until he discovered that it was his old friend *r-a-d-a-r* spelled backwards. This difficulty my assiduous colleague, Professor Henry Ehrmann, daily met in trying to teach the prisoners the truth about German history; and this I gnashed my teeth over in trying to communicate the strategy of our "constructive conflicts" in American democracy through the tactics of teaching American history. *Weltanschauung* is not created, it is grown; growth takes time, and percipient nurture. Democracy is a way of life, woven of ten thousand strands of invisible warp with ten thousand and one strands of unseen woof. It is not even a goal to be wrapped in tinfoil and hawked as an ideal. Not a goal, democracy is a going; and the only way to get it is to get going on its highroad and to keep going on its lowroads.

This "flying by the seat of your pants," this learning a road by traveling it, this learning to do by coming to feel and this feeling it by forgetting it—this esthetics of democracy through the kinesthetics of coöperation we could, and did, only illustrate by candor of speech and simple friendliness of demeanor. But the sure lowroad of denotation is too slow a road; it takes years, while we had only two months with each group of prisoners.

So we had to essay the highroad of ideals enshrined in lectures. We strained to convey what we well knew no words would carry, while they strained to get what no lecture can give. German history we gave in German; American history (and military government) in English, or better still in American idiom. It was not barriers of language, difficult as these are, which most balked us; it was the deeper predicament of being forced to convey through any language what no language can transmit save only by indirection, only through insinuation, only by means of suggestion. Pedagogy, which ought always to be strategy, here was reduced to strategems. Like old nescient Nebuchadnezzar, he who would teach democracy to captives from despotism must ask his guardian angel not only for the dream but also for the interpretation thereof.

I had, for instance, this day of my sunset story given a lecture to the entire group of prisoners and later



held a conference with twelve of the most (linguistically and logically) advanced.

The lecture had been on our Civil War. The strategy back of it (of course not paraded in the lecture) was of this general order. The Germans had failed, not only in their totalitarian war but in their previous post-war straining for democracy through the Weimar constitution. They had failed largely (as Nora Waln touchingly illustrates in her friendly book, "Reaching for the Stars) because their ideals are so high and their devotion to duty so tensional that they take the quick-course of coercion to achieve what only the slow-course of persuasion and toleration can yield. When the social distance between the ideal and the real grows great enough, the difference between the worst-real and only the worse-real does not reward remark, or at any rate does not make sacrifice for the ideal appear imperative. Only something absolute justifies sacrifice. The real that is relative is not worthy of heroic endeavor. So let Hitler do it . . . or Goering . . . or Goebbels—do whatever they will. Then later: "Das weissen wir nicht, der Fuehrer weiss es. We are only little men." (The sophisticated will see that I am echoing snatches from Kant and Hegel, but let that pass.)

WE Americans, who in general have succeeded in making our worst conflicts constructive through low-tensional give-and-take, have, nevertheless, had our democratic failures, and the greatest failure in our history was the Civil War. Through the democratic folly of trying to solve our worst moral problem, of minorities, by means of force we not only impoverished the South and corrupted the North with fictitious hope, not to mention the orgy of "The Gilded Age," but we also rendered the minority problem itself hardly less insoluble after slavery than it was during slavery. (This to prepare honest ground to meet their unfailing probing of us in conference about our present treatment of Negroes.) This failure of our own proceeded, too, from consciences so impetuous as to snatch the problem of slavery from the low-tensional men, the politicians, who had arranged one compromise after another until finally the preachers and poets and pietists got so stiff-necked with righteousness that politicians found grounds of peace no longer tenable. Under the Abolitionist will to convict the South of lethal sin, of course the Southern will to perfection spread the mantle of necessity over its "peculiar institution" and kept up that technique of compensation until under the mantle lay a snow-white virgin of the "positive good."

The spiritual tragedy of it all was, I concluded the lecture, that it was not the bad men of either section who turned a repressible into an irrepressible conflict; it was the good people, the most sensitive of both sides, who abolished all the middle ground upon which both Lincoln and Douglas could stand. (Churches, for instance, were among the first institutions to divide sectionally.)

So much for the echoes of my public lecture that more or less typical day. The pay-off, however, of such public preachment was the discussion of it that followed, presided over by our ablest officers, whose only instructions were to tell the truth if they knew it and, willy-nilly, to be candid under questioning.

Long-out-of-date military regulations do not permit me even yet to summarize what the prisoners said in the ensuing discussion: the pointed questions they asked, the accusations they sometimes made against our presumption of teaching them of freedom behind barbed wire, the dis-

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crepancies they remarked between Anglo-American pretense and our daily practice, the bewilderment they felt at the complexity of democratic freedom, and the overcompensations they voiced to cover their own sense of guilt. Suffice it to say that the hour was exciting, as all hours with them were; and that nothing was barred from debate. What is forgotten is hardly worth inserting when intelligent lawyers, learned jurists, quick-witted publicists, and litterateurs join in the discussion of great issues under the prod of such motivation as these gifted men had for making the most of their time.

A favorite topic of our prisoners, the "Negro Problem," did not worry me, a Southerner, as much as it seemed to worry some of my Northern colleagues. It is so obviously a historic (and in that sense "natural") problem, one for whose existence no living men, nor hardly the dead, are to blame, that I was content (1) to point to its history, (2) to parade the progress that the Negroes have made since slavery, and (3) to ask for suggestions from *them* as to how we Americans can move faster and more securely in solving our major "minority problem." There was never pretense on my part that "democracy" is not *fascism* to our Negroes in certain sections and at certain times. (The POW's heard the radio and read the newspapers—and the *Congressional Record!*) But they almost always responded constructively to the constructive question: Where do honest men go from here? No nation has been so successful in solving its minority question that we ought not to help each other with all the favorable experience of each.

Nor did I find embarrassing the crisis that arose in their consciences over my lecture, which seemed to them to make "moral principles" the cause of war—and of many other evils besides. (For what other hour had Fate been preparing me by driving me years before to write the book, "Beyond Conscience"?) Conflicts between men, I explained to them, do not usually become lethal until "it is the principle of the thing" that gets into dispute. But this does not mean that men can live without principles. Gods might rise above principles, brutes might sink below them; but we men, being both gods and brutes, are stuck with our consciences in between. We must, however, recognize once for all that no principle is so pure that in its name any one of us with power may not misuse the principle against others, come the hour of action. Honesty of belief is not itself enough. Nothing can save a

(*Continued on page* 43)

At First They Held Their Noses

DOCTORS EAST, DOCTORS WEST. By Edward H. Hume, M.D. New York: 1946. *W. W. Norton & Company.* 278 pp. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THE stone archway which marked the entrance to the province of Hunan, in Central China, was blocked with bricks and lime. This was a sign, a fellow traveler told Dr. Edward Hume, that the local aristocracy deprecated the entry of outsiders into their province. It was the year 1905; the war between Russia and Japan had just ended, and the Empire of China lay in a state of more than usual prostration before the invasion of foreign entrepreneurs. If the local gentry hated foreigners because they were the apostles of innovation, the more progressive elements in Hunan hated the same foreigners because they represented a system of economic enslavement. Dr. Hume had not yet realized this; the trustees of the Yale University Mission had been somewhat optimistic in their account of the reception which he might expect, and he tells us that as his boat neared Changsha, the ancient capital of Hunan, he began to contemplate his prospects with some alarm.

He had been sent out to China to establish a medical college. In India, where he had been studying bubonic plague, there was, if not a sufficiency of medical colleges, at least no opportunity for an American to found one. China was virgin territory. The only question was—would he be allowed to work there?

Dr. Hume did not speak Chinese; otherwise he would have realized that the small boys who followed him and his family through the streets of Changsha on the day of his arrival were pursuing him with shouts of "foreign devil." But he could not help noticing that some of the residents of the city rather ostentatiously held their noses as he passed by.

Changsha was then a city of about three hundred thousand inhabitants, crowded within the embrace of a thick stone wall. While all stray pieces of paper bearing printed or written characters were piously collected and burned (for it was not considered auspicious to tread upon writing), refuse of other kinds was far less carefully regarded. While the devils who rushed through the city were discouraged by granite blocks inscribed with minatory sentences, or deflected from their course by sharp right angled turns, nobody had thought fit to bestow upon the inhabitants of Changsha the protection of a single sewer. Such was the territory into which Dr. Hume was to bring the blessings of Western science.

This delightful little book is perhaps not so much a story about medicine as a story about manners. It bears testimony to the wisdom—so often unheeded by missionaries—of the old adage *Festina Lente,* Hasten Slowly. For a whole year Dr. Hume did nothing but take lessons, mastering not merely the elements of the Chinese language (in itself a considerable feat) but also the significance of Chinese ceremony; and on the first day of consultations he was much gratified when an elderly patient congratulated him upon having learned the importance of the local saying: "If one's courtesy appears excessive, no one will find fault."

And then he demonstrated the virtue of patience in an infinitely more painful way. For two whole years, much as he hated to do so, he ordered all mortally sick patients to be carried home to die. The Chinese believed that the souls of people who died away from home were apt to get lost; and it was not until they thoroughly trusted his hospital that they could bear to think of anyone's expiring there.

Dr. Hume had many competitors. He had the wisdom to see that the Chinese doctors, though they had presumably never heard of laboratory tests or post-mortem examinations, were very learned and skillful men. The source of their learning was ancient, but the learning was by no means always out of date. "A Treatise on Typhoid Fever," published about A.D. 196, "emphasized the prime importance of diagnosis," warned against excessive medication, and recommended hydrotherapy. The teachings of Wang Shuh-ho, who must have flourished about 200 B.C., and who made an exhaustive study of the pulses, were responsible for some formidably exact diagnoses. Dr. Hume did not think it unseemly, years later, to have a lecture given in his medical college once a term upon the teachings of the physicians Pien and

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Chang, and the precepts of Wang Shuh-ho.

But Dr. Hume had other and less reliable competitors. It was still customary for mothers whose children were ill to consult the Red Haired General, "an old deserted cannon with a huge dent in the muzzle," which had once, with a single shot, dispersed the army of the Taiping Rebels as it rushed against the walls of Changsha. Some persons, when sickness overtook them, put their trust in the medical efficacy of a tall pagoda; others swallowed "tiger stomach," "otter livers," or "the horn of the rhinoceros." Others again preferred to consult physiognomists, astrologers, priests, and wizards. If a mother was grievously ill, a snippet of liver cut from a living daughter was highly recommended.

Dr. Hume's method of bringing the light of Western science into this strange twilight was the extremely sensible one of being a good neighbor and keeping quiet. His Yali Hospital and Yali Preparatory School were originally established in the heart of the city. He paid his dues to the local street association, and did not forget to send a contribution to the Robbers' Guild as well. All who came to him for medical assistance were duly taken care of, but there was no soliciting and no ostentation. In this way, slowly but surely, people came to respect him.

It was two years before any of the local gentry saw fit to cross the threshold of the Yali Hospital. The first to come was a gorgeously dressed official of the fourth class, with a high fever. Dr. Hume made the mistake of feeling only the pulse of the left wrist, whereupon the patient departed in a rage, saying that he had been given but half a diagnosis, for did not everybody know that, while the pulse points on the left wrist reveal the state of the heart, liver, and kidney, those on the right wrist tell all about the lungs, spleen, and genital organs? Thereafter, Dr. Hume did not omit the formality of feeling both wrists—beginning with the left wrist if the patient was male, and the right wrist if the patient was female.

There were many prejudices to overcome. The Chinese freely admitted that the surgery of America was superior to that of China, but it was many years before anyone could be persuaded to have an operation performed upon the skull or the trunk. The administration of chloroform filled most patients with alarm. The white uniform of the surgeon and his assistant was equally upsetting, because white is the color of mourning. If one visited a patient in a private house one's diagnosis and prescription were submitted to the judgment of the mother, hidden away in the women's apartments: she, not the doctor, had the last word. On the other hand, there was no difficulty about vaccination; the Chinese had been practising vaccination of a kind for centuries. Operations for cataract were well thought of. The Chinese had been prescribing liver (crow's liver, to be sure) for pernicious anemia, seaweed (which contains iodine) for goiter, and the livers of fat fish for tuberculosis conditions, long before Western medicine had made these discoveries.

There is, therefore, much respect for Chinese culture in this book, thank goodness. As for the book itself, it tells the story of how the Yale University Mission in Changsha became in 1913 a flourishing coöperative venture known as the Hsiangya (or Hunan-Yale) Medical Educational Association, with a hospital and a medical school outside the city walls; how its activities and its influence spread far beyond the province of Hunan; how American and Chinese doctors worked side by side there; and how it survived all sorts of perils (for the years between 1905 and 1926, when Dr. Hume resigned from his administrative posts, were years of turbulence and slaughter).

"Doctors East, Doctors West" is not of much historical or political importance, and its medical facts are intentionally exiguous, but it will, I think, give vast pleasure and some instruction to anyone who reads it. It is written by a man who has nice literary manners. It is extremely modest.

It is, indeed, a simple and exciting treatise upon the truth of its last sentence:—"Only those can enter effectively into her life who approach China's citadel by the way of friendship."

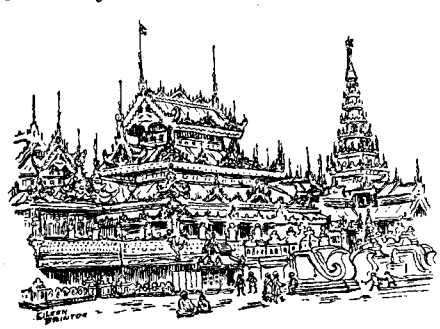
The Road Back

BURMA SURGEON RETURNS. By Gordon S. Seagrave. New York: W. W. Norton and Co., Inc. 1946. 268 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MAJOR JOSEPH HIRSH

SEAGRAVE, a medical missionary in Burma before the war, was commissioned a major at the outbreak. With his unit he made an epic, body-breaking retreat with Stillwell into India. This is his story of the road back into Burma. It is a vigorous tale of a trek through jungles, over mountains, across wild rivers and seas of mud. Fraught with problems of geography, of lack of supplies, of disease and death, of alien animal and man-made source—the constant complaints of khakied men the world over but especially in the jungle—there is drama enough here.

Starting in Assam, in northwest India, the Seagrave unit—a polyglot crew of Americans, Burmese, British, and whoever else happened along—moved along the Ledo-Stillwell Road to Nawngyang (which you can only know by reference to an atlas). In their advance with British, American, and Chinese forces, whom they served, they paved the jungle into what is now known in its totality as the Ledo Road. Seagrave recounts significant aspects of the ground and air war. There is more than enough of blood and guts, of guinea-pig medicine, of emergency operations faintly reminiscent of horse and buggy days. And there are warm and simple touches too.



The sober, humorous, human way in which the good doctor, his associates and his pristine, paragonish Burmese nurses met the challenges of jungle warfare make good reading. But there's a little too much, too much of everything—of detail, of mawkish sentimentality, of confused Christianity. And my friends who served with medical units in the Burma theatre have told me in specifics that as a literary diet "Burma Surgeon Returns" is too bland in its presentation of its problems as well as of its successes.

If you liked "Burma Surgeon," you'll probably like this sequel to it. I put it aside with the feeling that I had been reading a carefully written, detailed diary which someone might some day pick up and publish in book form. The non-military reader will find the continual citation of particular units meaningless, and however well-informed on Burmese geography and ethnography, however knowledgeable on Far Eastern personalities, some readers, as this one, are likely to be overwhelmed by the particularizations of generic and personal names.

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Less Complicated than Bridge

MUST WE FIGHT RUSSIA? By Ely Culbertson. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Company. 1946. 62 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by THOMAS FINLETTER

THE title of this book is misleading. It is not an analysis of our relations with Russia; it is a violent attack on the political organization of the world, followed by detailed suggestions for a new international order. Mr. Culbertson believes that war is inevitable in the international anarchy of sovereign nation-states in which we live, that the United Nations Organization lacks the necessary elements of law and government to stop war, and that amendments to the UN Charter must be made immediately. The emphasis on Russia comes from the author's belief that the United States and Russia are the next most likely contestants in the sequence of wars which is the natural and inevitable product of international anarchy. But the disease is the anarchy. The Russo-American war would be only the symptom.

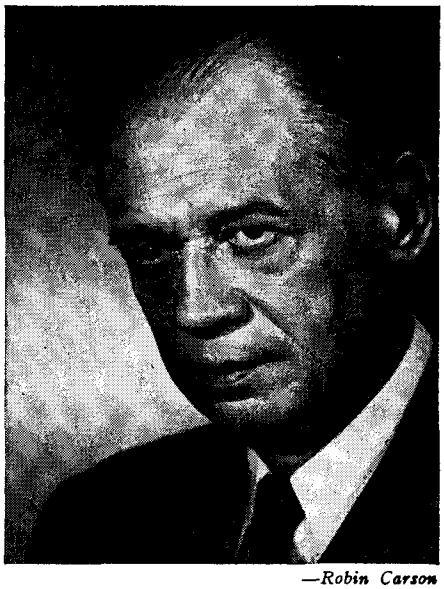
Mr. Culbertson denounces savagely our present national policies and the men who direct them. The most appalling fact in American history, he says, is that our politicians drifted planlessly through 1945 and are still drifting, playing the old game of power politics which can mean only that millions of Americans may be buried in the rubble of their own cities in a few years from now. "I wish," he says, "that I could inscribe this awful truth with letters of fire in the heart of every American: *We are losing the atomic peace.* Never before in history has there been such a suicidal waste of time and power by a great state in the face of such obvious and implacable dangers."

We cannot win the atomic peace, Mr. Culbertson says, by trying to outdo Russia in the game of power politics, for the rules of that game all lead to war. And when that inevitable point is reached, Russia, Mr. Culbertson says, will be prepared. "Those who know Soviet Russia have little doubt that she is spending far more on atomic research and production than the two billion dollars spent by the United States. Her rulers do not have to account to a Congress bent on the 'economy of peace.' The Communist fanatics and fellow travellers all over the world have probably put Russia in possession of all the pertinent information long ago. It is very likely that Russia will have a sizeable pile of atomic bombs some time in 1948, perhaps even earlier."

This sounds like Russophobia, but in fact Mr. Culbertson does not believe that Russia is the villain of the piece or that an arrangement with her which will avoid war is impossible. The real villain is nation-state anarchy, the irresistible force which compels nations to fight even against their will, just as the elimination of the police force in New York City would create anarchy, disorder, and crime. If Russia is singled out as a probable disturber of the peace, it is because of her position as the only power now capable of challenging the United States and as the leader of an expanding Eurasian civilization which, unless governed by law, must inevitably collide with the already expanded Anglo-American society. "The coming conflict between Russia and America rises from one cause alone—the anarchy of sovereign states, the grim rules of power politics."

But when Mr. Culbertson comes to his solution, he stops shaking his fist and wags his finger. His premise in effect is that the world does not want to stop war because it does not want to give up its national sovereignties and the armaments on which those sovereignties depend. The nation-states would like to have peace, provided that they do not have to pay the cost of getting it. Mr. Culbertson's solution is therefore not a solution at all because he bases it on the proposition that the cause of war—this nation-state anarchy which he attacks brilliantly—cannot now be eliminated. Nor is his plan a practical stepping-stone to further development of international order.

Mr. Culbertson's plan is briefly this: The veto in the Security Council of the United Nations Organization would be eliminated. Some rearrangement of the representation on the Security Council would be made. A quota system of heavy weapons (warships, warplanes, tanks, heavy guns, and other weapons of great destructive power) would be set up. These quotas would be: U. S., twenty percent; Great Britain, twenty percent; Russia, twenty percent; France, ten percent: China, ten percent; all the rest, acting through an armament trust, twenty percent. This latter twenty percent of the armament trust would be the International Force. The International Force would see to it that the fundamental law—that there shall be no aggression—was maintained. It would not be strong enough to do this by itself and would therefore have to call on the national quotas—which are to be regarded as reserves—if it found that it had a big job on its hands. Germany and Japan would be compelled to stay permanently disarmed. And, while we would try to eliminate atomic weapons, we would probably have to apply a quota limitation, too.



—*Robin Carson*

Ely Culbertson: *"We are losing the atomic peace.* Never has there been such a suicidal waste of time and power . . ."

Now the fact that all this is very complicated is not a conclusive argument against it. International arrangements are apt to be complicated, and I cannot agree with Mr. Culbertson that "the problems of world organization . . . if they are clearly presented . . . are considerably less complicated than the Culbertson System of Bridge." And—although it has the germ of a good idea—I think that Mr. Culbertson's statement, "If the thinking men and women of America spent but one tenth of the time and effort in trying to learn the basic problems of world peace that they have spent in trying to learn the Culbertson System of Bridge, America could not only free itself of the atomic threat but free the world of the social hemorrhage of aggressive war"—is over-hopeful.

The trouble with Mr. Culbertson's solution is that the political principle on which it is based is wrong. Once it is conceded that great national armaments must be kept up, any plan for a rule of world law must necessarily fail. And without a world law to suppress war, peace is impossible. National armaments, beyond a low minimum to keep domestic order, are for one purpose only—to wage war. If the nation-states insist on keeping their armaments, that fact of itself proves either that they are unwilling to rely on an international authority

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to keep the peace, or that they have a hidden purpose to wage war, either of which would be fatal to an effort to create a world law. Moreover, the splitting up of the military power of the world into international and national forces, no matter what the formula, assumes that an international body can enforce a world law by acting against the armed forces of national governments, whereas the basis of world law must be the direct enforcement of law against the individual and the elimination of all national forces which can prevent that enforcement. It is assuredly not possible to keep the peace by agreeing to make war.

The value of this book is in the early violent pages where Mr. Culbertson states his hatred for the idiocy of a world of international anarchy and for the wars which nation-state politics will inevitably produce.

A Dutch Town in Wartime

EARTH COULD BE FAIR. By Pierre van Paassen. New York: The Dial Press. 1946. 509 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by HAROLD FIELDS

THIS is an example of the type of book that is certain to make the miasmic depths of World War II stirringly real to the arm-rest readers of this and the next generation. Here is no harrowing story of bloody battles, no thrilling saga of daring captures of inaccessible positions. On the contrary, it subtly details what happens to the souls and the attitude of a peaceful people, clustered in a peaceful city, citizens of a stubborn, but peaceful country, when war comes. It is the chronicle of the preceding generation on whose cultured spirit the hobnailed shoes of military despotism have cruelly stomped, leaving behind their damaging impress; it is an analytical human document that rises to a passionate protest and plea that justice and courage and civilization prevail.

"Earth Could Be Fair" is an account of life in the little Netherlands town of Gorcum. This is no mere vignette set down for its potential biographical and human interest to a wide-reading public and for those who have followed Pierre van Paassen's work in the past. Every character, every incident has been carefully selected as contributing to a grand finale—a storm that will engulf the souls and bodies of good men and women.

That is why this book is so stirring. It is the story of something that is done to a people, a whole people —a something that is not exclusively material in terms of loss of wealth and physical happiness, but goes down deep into their very inbeing and affects their very ethos. This is the type of war book we need: begun on a symphony of a mellow, matured civilization that has its foibles, its elements of intransigence, and its strengths, and tragically ending in a cacophony of war, internecine distrust, and Herrenvolk despotism. From this point the book rises to still higher pitch: it cries aloud to man to save the world, as the author cries aloud over the death of David Dalmaden, moaning, "I would weep for him, were there not a whole world to weep for."

The town of Gorcum, where the author was born, was one of the small, serious, plodding towns of the Netherlands that still retained buildings dating back hundreds of years, tunnels that had been built for escape in wars centuries back, and a family caste system that was the product of an old, communal life.

Van Paassen writes sensitively of typical Dutch characters as they grow up in this book, and makes them part of the reader's own life. Van Paassen is proud of his contemporaries as they grow up with the years. There is "Uncle Kees," a liberal, calm, philosophical, lovable man who encourages the boys to fight for what they deem right and who shows, from time to time, the steel that is riveted to his soul. There is Ary Brandt, his classmate, argumentative and assertive, who dares to state his views before prefects and rectors, and who closes his days as a minister proudly marching with the Jews who are being herded by the Germans to trains bound for labor-camps, even though he knows that death lies ahead.

Pierre van Paassen "has written a moving and profound book . . . a broad canvas of what was done to a people."

It was different, though, with Toon Mussert, who mustered gangs about him to harass those they didn't like. They were the collaborators and the SS troops of the morrow. What they "lacked in courage was easily made up by the vast superiority of numbers. They seemed to be able to muster a mob at a moment's notice when it came to pouncing on one of our fellows."

In contrast was Alfons Boogaert, a brilliant student who was loved by most of his classmates. He was a fervent Catholic. Uncle Kees, a nonbeliever, admired his depth of faith and said, "To those people religion is not a matter of speculation or discussion, but a reality which they question no more than the crust of bread they eat." Fons was to grow up as a kindly, sincere priest whose life was to end in torture at the hands of the Japanese.

Then there was David Dalmaden, of whom the author was most fond. Respected for his character and sincerity, David was accepted by the community. The author's mother "had an immense sympathy for the Jews in general, and prayed for the time when they would abandon their stubborness of heart and accept Christ." David was fully aware of what it meant to be a Jew. "The farmers speak of their country, their laws, their market, their religion. It all hangs together like pearls on the same string from one end of the country to the other and from ancient times onward into eternity. Even the cows and the horses and the sheep and the chickens are an integral and inseparable part of the whole, and all of them, men and beasts, live in self-evident happiness. But I, I feel as if I am not a part, as if I do not belong. I am an outsider." David grows up to be a respected physician; yet like his Catholic classmate Fons and his Protestant friend Ary, he too dies, in his case in the battle of the Warsaw ghetto.

Pierre van Paassen's deep love of humanity and his spiritual prayer for a new and fairer world have been the inspiration for this book. Up to his climax, his sincerity and sympathy give us a picture of the world we have had and can yet have; beyond that his fervent protest shakes us out of acquiescent attitudes. He has written a moving and profound book; one that provides a broad canvas of what was done to a people.

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A Litany of Patriotism

I SEE THE PHILIPPINES RISE. By Carlos P. Romulo. New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc. 1946. 284 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by T. V. SMITH

CARLOS ROMULO—author already of the bi-patriotic trilogy: "I See the Fall of the Philippines," "My Brother Americans," and "Mother America"—has rung the bell again in this early postwar litany. For that is what this book is: a litany of tragedy, of triumph, of human dignity and immortal hope.

Let this be testament enough, and warning too, to any reader that he must not expect from me an objective account of this book. I would not if I could tell the story of "Yay," the underground heroine. That first-rate story should be had at first-hand report. Nor could I if I would tell what is otherwise in this book, could not for the sight-blinding tears raised in my eyes by whatever it is that the book contains.

The jacket says that Romulo here tells the story of the reconquest of the Philippines from D-day off Leyte Bay to the capture of Manila. I do not quarrel with the jacket. It says, too, that the book deals with "the personal saga of Romulo's own family, left behind on Bataan and living with the guerrillas in deadly peril until our forces returned." I vaguely remember that the book does so. But "above all," the jacket concludes, "it is the story of Philippine suffering which General Romulo sees as the birth pangs of a new nation." And I do not doubt that all that, and more, is in the book to be seen, or even heard.

But what I heard was something different from all this; and as I heard I also saw, saw sights immensely moving. What I heard was a litany: the ghostly footfalls of the tragic dead, who did not die in vain. I heard the rustling wings of hope in men inarticulate save to those who listen to the half-voices of the yet unborn. I heard periods of dignity pronounced upon the death of dictators and longer periods celebrating the prospects of democracy. Such seems the litany that sounded to those that have ears to hear through the sonorous pages of this Philippine editor turned soldier by chance and made forerunner through war and fate of a faith in freedom which rises amid ruins of his homeland and will soar from Manila westward, from this day forth endlessly.

As one listens to this litany, especially to the overtones of its eloquent faith in freedom, he does not wonder at, though he may deprecate the emotional discord of, Romulo's judgment on Winston Churchill: "But he is yesterday's England. He could not represent an England that believes in freedom for all men." There is no such dissent, however, in his appraisal of Franklin Roosevelt, nor in any of his American overtones. "Partnership in the Pacific," says he, "between America and the Philippines, may yet be the means of maintaining the spirit of good will on a world pattern, without which no nation can be sure of survival. Eighteen million Filipinos, by uniting in the delaying action that gave democracy its chance to survive in the Far East, established firmly in Asia the beachhead of democracy."

Carlos P. Romulo: "Eighteen million Filipinos . . . established firmly in Asia the beachhead of democracy."

So much for the liturgical overtones one hears from the orator, the patriot, and the statesman whose moving words helped hold the fort for freedom during dark underground days in the Philippines and bland days of pseudo-brightness in America. What one sees as he reads the moving pages are the pressing problems which survive even the heaviest victories of war. Romulo, the temperamental romantic, is not without his realism in the face of adverse facts. He sees clearly, and will not let the reader ignore, the cumulative nature of confidence between peoples. He quotes with great effectiveness General MacArthur's words to him upon the landing at Leyte: "Congress gave political equality to the Filipinos but no law

Poet to Potter

By Donald C. Babcock

TO MAGIC of your warp and woof,
That threads through marl and silicate,
My fingers cannot find the mate,
And yet I do not stand aloof.

For though my hands can never see
The forms of beauty hid away
Within the quiet, hoarded clay—
Matter's inscrutability,—

Yet have I seen a wondrous thing:
The iridescence of a word,
Like beauty trembling in a bird
That parts the wind with purple wing,

Until the inept and pliant breath
Folds to the thought as to a mold,
And that which lately drifted cold
Becomes syllabic, scorning death.

Against the empyrean blue
It meets the questing, hungry mind,
And turns articulate to bind
Seeking with finding,—subtle clue

That makes the timeless instant live
Though evanescent yet forever,
A floating form, a staying river,
Inflected though infinitive.

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could have given you social equality. You won that, on Bataan."

It is this faith in gradualism, this abiding confidence in the unearned increment of continuous good will, that one sees operative through all that Romulo has to say.

In these eloquent pages he describes it as the credo of democracy, and predicts for it a cosmic future—"the simple blueprint that held two races in mutual loyalty in the Far East . . . will work anywhere in the world." And generalizing to the macrocosm what together we have learned in our Pacific microcosm, he lays his final bet upon the United Nations; for he sees better than most the way in which mutuality grows through sustained patience. "No longer can anyone of us dare say, 'This is my land. . . .' Instead he must learn the new precept: 'This is my own, my native world.'"

A Good Word for Our Side

AMERICA'S GERMANY. By Julian Bach, Jr. New York: Random House. 1946. 309 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BAUKHAGE

IT IS easy to get a hearing on the subject of the American administration of occupied Germany if you limit yourself to the superior sneer. But if you have found something good among the rubble, some hope for democracy in our military bureaucracy, you'll have a harder job. There is one iron-clad rule to follow. Begin and end your thesis with this sentence: "God knows, I hate the damned krauts."

And you mustn't allow the word kraut to suggest the succulent trimming of spare ribs. You must make it sound as much like skunk cabbage as you can. This is obligatory, just as you must repudiate Communism with your last red corpuscle if you intend to admit there is anything whatever that isn't rotten in the State of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Once having mollified the kraut-haters and established your patriotic integrity you can discuss the subject of "America's Germany" as Julian Bach does, with some hope of holding your audience.

Unless Bach and others who know what they are talking about (as I think he does) do get a hearing, there is little hope of selling the idea that there *is* an *America's* Germany which represents the greatest investment in democracy these United States have ever made. And if the people fail to understand and meet their responsibility, America's Germany may well become *Russia's* or *Prussia's* or maybe *Persia's* Germany—or worst still, the personal property of another potential housepainter—Ghengis Khan.

Bach is a good reporter. He has a background of European experience and he had a chance to look into all the corners of the American Reich in his twenty-nine months of service in the Army. Most of the time he was a correspondent for *Army Talks,* a weekly published for the Army, little known in this country. I read it when I was in Germany and found it a live and interesting publication, full of meat. Bach sets forth his opinions in his book, assuring us that they are his own and not official. He never served in Military Government. I accept his assurances (partly because he confirms with convincing evidence many of my own less documented observations).

Bach's book is in no sense a lullaby. He finds things to praise and things to blame in this great American experiment. It is an experiment. After all, dealing with twenty million subjects, as Bach frankly calls them, is not exactly in our line.

After demonstrating to this reviewer in 309 pages of well-written and objective reporting that Bach has sized up the situation pretty accurately, he says this:

> Several years ago, returning from Russia, a lady said to me, "Don't tell me, don't tell me. Just say 'Yes' or 'No,'" What she meant was: in one word, is Russia a success or not? (I said "Yes.") Upon returning now from Germany, this lady has not yet asked me whether the Occupation in America's Germany is so far a success. But if she does, my answer, all considered, is ready: "Yes."

Hear! Hear!

But I am interested in what has been achieved chiefly as an indication of what is to be done and why.

Bach shows very well what I learned in Frankfurt, Berlin, and Bad Homburg—that neither the cow-pasture school of hate nor the "love 'em and leave 'em" philosophy generated by the fraulein Loreleis has anything to do with our real job, which is the efficient care, feeding, and potential democratization of Germans. The general from whom I first heard the "I - hate - the - damned - krauts" formula had done as much to bring order out of chaos, remove potential difficulties for the administration, and get work out of the krauts as any one in military government.

Blackstone

Julian Bach, Jr.'s "'America's Germany' ought to be required reading for America's America."

Are we then coddling Germany?

If you want to know what chance Germany has to come back as an industrial or a military power under the Allied policy read the plain facts as set forth by Bach and see, for instance, whether you think that the present effort to enforce the agreement of Potsdam under which the four zones of the Reich were to be administered as a single economic unit is dictated by love on the part of Britain, Russia, and the United States.

The GI himself, Bach admits, as an "ambassador of good will" has fallen down. But he doesn't go as far as I would and say that the sooner the Army gets out and is replaced by a volunteer constabulary, under American Army officers but separate and distinct from the Army, the better. An Army constabulary unit has already been formed. It is composed of soldiers who volunteer for this special service. They are specially trained and chosen for their background as well as their physical and mental stature, but they get the same pay as the ordinary GI. This unit should eventually become an entirely separate unit with special indoctrination and pay and prerequisites that would make them career men in an elite police force. They could serve as a leaven of democracy as well as an arm of the law.

Bach has his prescription for the "reconversion" of the German mind, which is a subject too long for me to deal with here or to deal with as shortly as the author has. He does say enough to suggest the size and scope of the job that lies ahead of us.

"America's Germany" ought to be required reading for America's America.

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Prisoner with a Necktie

AGE OF ASSASSINS: THE STORY OF PRISONER NO. 1234. By Philippe Soupault. Translated from the French by Hannah Josephson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 315 pp. $3.

Reviewed by
ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

A RECENT anthology has reminded us of the contributions imprisonment has made to literature. The twentieth century has done more than its share to sustain this flow by putting writers behind bars (though modern penal methods have managed to choke off many witnesses before release). Philippe Soupault's "Age of Assassins" is a minor but thoughtful addition to the contemporary literature of incarceration.

Soupault, French poet and novelist, active in the early days of the surrealist movement, was one of the writers drawn into government work in the thirties. From 1938 on he was director of press and radio services in Tunis. Vichy took over in North Africa after the 1940 armistice; and, when Britain survived the summer and the Free French began to gather behind Charles de Gaulle, small centers of resistance sprang up spontaneously all over Tunisia. The Vichy police set out to break up these centers. Soupault's name was on an early list of suspects because of his well-known contempt for Pétain and for Hitler, and on March 12, 1942 the order was given to arrest him.

"Age of Assassins" is a story of prison, not of resistance. Soupault was picked up, given preliminary questioning, and then thrown into the Tunis military prison. He was confined to the north cell block, among the "dissidents"—political prisoners—and spent forty-five days in solitary. Then he was allowed to mingle with the other prisoners. He heard their stories, probed into their inner lives, observed the healing work of comradeship and the simple, passionate desire for freedom. After six months he was released, and two months later the Allies landed in North Africa.

As a writer, an older man (he was forty-five), the only prisoner to wear a necktie, Soupault occupied a special place among the inmates. They confided much in him, and he is particularly interesting in describing the mechanisms of psychological adjustment to prison life, especially the compulsive dreaming. "The life within prison walls, the lack of exercise, and the insistence on silence, all encourage men to dream. . . . Dreams were not only an escape—they were life on a larger plane, more free even than life outside of the prison. None of them struggled against it; they all abandoned themselves voluptuously to the current that led to the unknown." Perhaps too these explorations into the shadows were given "not as a means of escape, nor even to give us a sense of freedom, but rather to allow us every night to take our own form of revenge."

As more political prisoners came into the cell block, as favorable war news filtered through, as Vichy's demoralization became more unmistakable, the prisoners were brought together in solidarity against the rotten regime which had taken away their liberty. "Prison compelled us to know each other better, comradeship forced each man to develop his most genuine qualities, loyalty and natural generosity." Outside the prison men were being turned into slaves, and the prisoners felt closer to freedom than those who had been bribed or frightened into submission. Far from breaking the will to resist, imprisonment solidified it, gave life and freedom new meanings.

Philippe Soupault: ". . . within prison walls . . . dreams were life on a large plane, more free even than life outside."

It is obvious that Soupault's experience was by current standards mild. Even in solitary he could call for what books he liked; the regimen of the prison was not intolerable, the food was apparently edible, physical torture was practically non-existent, and the prison staff, infected by the corruption and panic of Vichy, sought increasingly to insure itself against Allied victory by playing up to the prisoners. However unpleasant for a sensitive person, the material conditions did not conspire against the foundations of moral existence. You had none of the agonizing horrors of Buchenwald and Dachau, where Nazi diabolism triumphed in creating an atmosphere of degradation which made martyrdom meaningless and set prisoners fighting each other for the privilege of maintaining internal discipline on behalf of the SS. You did not even have conditions as grim as those in the camps run by the French for anti-Nazi refugees.

That is why I would call "Age of Assassins" a minor addition to prison literature. Its theme is disgust rather than terror. But, as Soupault writes, "an experience of half a year in jail seems short, especially to those who have never been in jail." One advantage of the short term is that sensations are not dulled; and Soupault's record has the precision and immediacy of one who never became fully accustomed to the life. "I never stopped being surprised during the whole period of my detention. I could not then, and I cannot even yet, accept or resign myself to it."

His book is an honest and sensitive account which, if neither very powerful nor very profound, yet supplies sympathetic insights into a predicament which the war against the Axis has not solved. In an age in which the dominant question is getting to be whether you believe in the police state or not, we should all know at least what we are being asked to accept. Hannah Josephson's translation is, as usual, admirable.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 150

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 150 will be found in the next issue.

K BMGP GLPACMLMGT MG

CDP NMFGC KCCFMRHCP XN

K EXXJ LFMCML.

OKTPG SXBPSS—

GDKWPGAPKFP XZLP TXFP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 149

Any nose may ravage with impunity a rose.

ROBERT BROWNING
Sordello.

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Misadventures of an Heiress

OUT OF THIS CENTURY. By Peggy Guggenheim. New York: The Dial Press. 1946. 365 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by PHILIP WYLIE

THE dubious practice of Memoires has fallen on hard times. Mr. Miller's revelations of himself in "Air Conditioned Nightmare," Mr. Wilson's pensive disclosures of life in Hecate County, and now Miss Guggenheim's confessional and travelogue in sixth-grade English have "left no field of literature untouched" and touched none that they did not abort. These three books are concerned with the same people, places, and period—the same passions, penchants, and perversions—personalities, postures, and pornography—perhaps the same everything beginning with "P." With Art, as well, and artists, Intellect and Intellectuals, the glamorous Twenties and the gleety Thirties.

Mr. Miller is a Saint of the Era, Mr. Wilson a Satyr, and Miss Guggenheim a Priestess who has been faithful to every ritual on the altar. If man survives the decades of delirium tremens, these books will become gauges of his persistence, and source material, besides, for centuries of satire.

Miss Guggenheim. In this work she first characterizes, with a few neat strokes of the mallet, all Guggenheims —the copper clan. She next dwells upon her pitiful childhood amid the gems, governesses, tapestries, mistresses, and spite which afflict the rich. Her utter devotion to herself must have been apparent in the first hours of her life, and it is a quality which grows geometrically. As a young woman, we behold her in a sweat to lose her Americanism, her virginity, and part of her nose. She manages. She always attempts the impossible, she says, and moves mountains. This is confused; she merely behaves impossibly and causes landslides, the gay, little expatriate!

Her many years abroad are not exactly chronicled, but rather inventoried. She whizzes like a flea around the hot, discontented surfaces of between-wars Europe, living with men, marrying men, having affairs with men, supporting artists, buying acres of abstract and surrealist canvas, financing galleries, drinking, meeting everybody including people known to us all, going to movies at whorehouses. Would we not forever fall in love with people who were "Christ-like" and when we met somebody else, fall out of love because they were too Christ-like? Having nothing to exhibit but ourselves, would we not make a shrinking violet of Narcissus? Or, as a Sybil and a soft touch in a world of infantile adults, what one of us but would try to reconcile chateau, brothel, paradox, catlet, and morning bird?

I am getting Surrealist myself.

Wherefore sample Miss Guggenheim:

"He was a frustrated writer, a pure Intellectual."

"She had been an underwater dancer but came from a bourgeois family."

"The desert is a vast sea of sand which rolls in all directions and in all shapes." And this bit of insight:

"One night I sprained my ankle when we were walking home. Again I fell into some *merde*. It seemed to be my fate." Or:

"The day Hitler walked into Norway I walked into Leger's studio and bought a wonderful 1919 painting."

She is, Miss Guggenheim admits, irresponsible, childish, spoiled, and ridiculous. It has never occurred to her that steps could or should be taken. Let me suggest a measure: that the manuscript of this opus should have gone direct to a psychiatrist, and to a printer, never. It is an anatomy of what went wrong with art, letters, intellect, morals, and man in our era; as such, its publication represents great if unwitting self-abnegation by The Dial Press.

True, these are the dramatis personae, the backgrounds, and the situations which enthralled such writers as Scott Fitzgerald. But nowadays, every fool knows the moral of their tale: glamor is the neon sign over the saloon of self-pity. Miss G. is no doubt the girl sitting on the bar in the torn Schiaparelli dress. But with Miller and Wilson we've retched enough on reminiscence. I cannot honestly review her autobiography beyond these words; for however much Miss Guggenheim and her dazed associates may have contributed to the emancipation of art, it has not been enough to let me print what I really think of this book, anywhere on earth.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

CHARACTERS AND HANDS

For one reason or another, the hands of the characters in this week's quiz are memorable. Can you identify them and name the authors who created them? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 20.

1. Walking in her sleep, this woman complained that all the perfume of Arabia would not wash the smell of blood from her hand.
2. This pirate wore an iron hook in place of his right hand, which had been bitten off by a crocodile.
3. This retired sea captain also had an iron hook in place of his right hand, which he occasionally replaced with a knife for peeling potatoes.
4. Trying to rescue his demented wife from the burning house which she had set afire, this man lost his left hand.
5. This Chinese card sharp had on his long tapered fingernails what is frequent in tapers—wax.
6. Their heads are green, and their hands are blue, and they went to sea in a sieve.
7. This lawyer's clerk was constantly squeezing his clammy hands together or wiping them surreptitiously on a handkerchief.
8. While telling fortunes in a railway compartment, this palm reader discovered that his five fellow travelers were marked for imminent death.
9. One eye was red and one was green; her bang was cut uneven; she had three fingers on her hand, and the hairs on her head were seven.
10. The amputated hand of this dead scholar carried on a malicious life of its own after his death.

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Twenty Flesh-Creepers

WHO KNOCKS? Twenty Masterpieces of the Spectral for the Connoisseur. Edited and with a Foreword by August Derleth. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1946. 391 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

IN ONE of the stories in this volume, Ray Bradbury's "The Lake," a small boy who is chilly after swimming is told to put on his sweater, and replies, "Wait'll I watch my goose-bumps." He speaks for many of us who similarly cultivate gooseflesh—an increasing number, if one may judge by the rising tide of anthologies of ghost stories. The term ghost stories of course is a convenient but loose one; in his foreword, Mr. Derleth says that for the purposes of this volume he defines it as "any tale in which the animating force is in the nature of a return from the dead." That seems both broad and fair (like Lady Clare's lands), but broad as it is it will hardly hold some of the stories in this volume without straining a little. The dreadful things that took place on "The Seventeenth Hole at Doncaster," of which H. R. Wakefield told us, were explained by its having been a place of druid sacrifices; but surely it is not the druids who returned to claim those victims. The manifestations in "The Ankardyne Pew" (which the wicked squire used for a cockpit, according to W. F. Harvey), and even the "Negotium Perambulans" (The Thing, the Business, that walketh in darkness, as E. F. Benson effectively translates the familiar Biblical phrase)—they may have been, in a sense, the evil that men did living after them, but they can hardly be called returns from the dead. And the swamp-born creature that Theodore Sturgeon calls simply "It" (in one of the most original stories in the volume) which, in its monstrous innocence, knew no more of death than the obtuse little girl in "We Are Seven"—until, indeed, it learned about death by experiments on others—certainly is no *revenant*, no returner. This is not intended to cavil at Mr. Derleth's inclusions, but merely to recognize the difficulties of definition and the deficiencies of our phraseology.

Nor is the matter improved if we substitute, as is sometimes done, a phrase like "tale of supernatural horror"; for although the easiest and perhaps the strongest emotion which ghosts can touch is that of fear, they can move us to other feelings as well, notably that of pity. Ghosts can be very pathetic creatures, like "The Intercessor" of May Sinclair, in this volume. And there is the humorous ghost story. In his foreword, Mr. Derleth first declares that "comedy and terror are fundamentally antipodal"; then recants enough to say that combining comedy and terror "has seldom been done successfully" (citing briefly in this discussion John Kendrick Bangs, Oscar Wilde, Frank Stockton, and Saki, but omitting any mention of John Collier).

These criticisms of Mr. Derleth's selections are somewhat thankless, for he has done a good job for us. His twenty stories range from the acknowledged old masters, Le Fanu, Blackwood, and E. F. Benson, down to the pulp magazines, which have only recently become known outside a small circle of fans. It is true that the old masters are not shown quite at their best—no doubt in an effort to avoid the over-familiar; and for this reviewer's taste there are some better stories buried in the pulps than Mr. Derleth has salvaged. All of these stories are good; few are outstanding. One of the most striking is Edward Lucas White's "The House of the Nightmare," plainly dated by its broken-down motorist who asks for a blacksmith's shop instead of a garage, but still ambushing the reader with a real danger while his attention is fixed on an imaginary one—but wasn't the last line still more pointed in our edition, now packed away, or have we been presenting White with a punch line in our memory? The stories are all good, and, Mr. Derleth tells us, eight have never appeared in book form, and none is currently in print. If you are one of those who would respond to the Fat Boy's "I wants to make your flesh creep!" with a hearty, "How delightful!" here is a fine collection.

The South Comes Full Circle

STRAW IN THE SOUTH WIND. By Donald Joseph. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1946. 297 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

NOTHING more interesting, I think, has happened in the South in this century than the manner in which writers about the South have completed the passage from romance through realism to the full possession and enjoyment of romance again. The books of 1900 and the books of the 1940's are largely identical in every item and attitude except that the poor white and the poor Negro have reversed their positions. Today it is not the lily maiden but the Negro who is rescued in melodrama. The colored man is at least as romantic as the colonel used to be. But Donald Joseph, by setting his new novel of Alabama in the South of the turn of the century and dramatizing the new romance against the old romance's sets, has not only written Southern fiction but served our understanding of it.

It is an intensely Southern book which Mr. Joseph has produced. With loving skill he has reproduced the grace and charm of his Alabama scene. Also he has written with considerable wisdom and understanding of his Alabama people, their faiths and philosophies and the involved but accepted system of white and Negro behavior in race relationships. He has drawn his chief character, Constance De Vere, with all the reverence given to ladies who possessed plantations and lovely figures. He has also endowed her with a sense of justice and courage in support of it. Unfortunately, she and the poor pretty colored woman she defends are both drawn in a sentimentality which seems almost an Alabama romantic standard for both the old and the new romance.

Pictorially the book is excellent. There is the warmth of well-loved places and people remembered in the book as a sort of plantation landscape-with-figures of life in 1907. But when Mr. Joseph moves his portraits into action as people they become only soft-speaking puppets serving a story in which Mr. Joseph sacrifices everything to his own adoration for his own heroine. Indeed, he sends her husband upon an improbable elopement and to death by suicide in order that her headlong movement toward adultery may be protected from any romantic reader's disapproval. In other ways, too, the good are rewarded, and there is punishment for the unjust, and the garden is always well-tended and full of flowers. In the South the mocking bird sings as sweetly for the Communist as for the Confederate.

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Strictly Personal

SAME TIME, SAME STATION

A LARGE number of people not having asked me why I ceased being what is jocularly called a radio critic, I intrude upon the silence to say that I do not think there is such a person as a radio critic. Not in the sense that there are drama, film, book, music, and art critics. The reason is, of course, that no one has yet lived who knew enough to be a radio critic, and sooner or later he who naively aspires to be one is going to experience a sharp and rather appalling embarrassment. It is going to occur to him, in a withering burst of introspection, that to be a first-rate or even an adequate radio critic he would have to know a good deal about—indeed, be an expert on—music (all kinds of music), world literature, sports, economics, politics, international affairs, history, drama, education, science, household management, psychology, agriculture, and the drama.

If he could fill this bill, and could write passably, he would be the fellow for the job, all right. If he merely *thinks* he meets these requirements, and is still at large, his family and friends will do well to keep an eye on him.

I list these pre-requisites quite seriously. Because, if a so-called radio critic is not as fantastically erudite as I have suggested he should be, how is he going to tell his public whether or not the radio's multitudinous writers and performers know what they are writing and talking about? And, consequently, whether they are worth listening to? It is a pretty problem, and if anyone has solved it the solution has escaped me. I believe there is no real answer. Instead, there is a compromise that comes under the head of radio reviewing, a sort of guide service, a running commentary, daily or weekly, on those programs about which the reviewer feels competent to express an opinion. And, to be sure, this is often well done, particularly in the field of what is called, sometimes a little enthusiastically, entertainment.

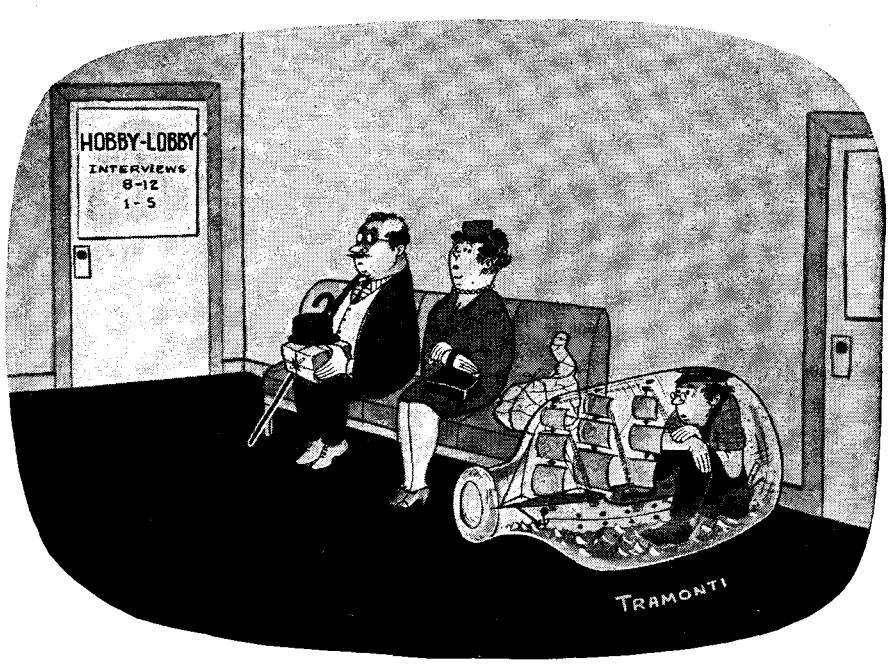
Possibly there is another kind of radio criticism—those occasional and oracular essays in scholarly periodicals wherein people who do not listen much to the radio View With Alarm certain aspects of it which a regular listener has long since observed for himself. But that is not the type of criticism I mean either. I am talking about a kind of steady, concentrated newspaper or magazine criticism comparable to, say, Charles Poore on books, Virgil Thomson on music, or Lewis Nichols on drama. In radio it does not exist, and there are reasons.

To the would-be critic this lack is very puzzling, at first. As he takes a preliminary glance at the field before him, the opportunities seem limitless. Moreover, he feels—justly—a vast excitement at the *concept* of radio. Here is one of the scientific wonders of all time, the swiftest and farthest-reaching of media, capable of bringing infinite social and cultural benefits and plain pleasure to countless human beings. That a great statesman can drop into one's living-room for a chat, that Toscanini can lead an orchestra in a remote Nebraska farmhouse—this is a great and thrilling thing, and only a dull mind could ever cease to be stirred by it.

In fact, during his novitiate, the neophyte feels a shade sorry for his colleagues in other departments of criticism, bound as they are to their formalized crafts. Broadway seems a narrow place, Hollywood a mere celluloid factory, by comparison with the world that is the radio critics's oyster. Not for him is the agony of sitting through Jake Shubert's latest musical show or a three-hour Hollywood costume romance that can be reviewed by tapping out the letter B on a typewriter. No, his own home will be his theatre, the world its stage, and the radio dial the magic curtain that endlessly shifts the scenes. This, he tells himself, is a pretty fine profession, and he settles happily down to work.

And, for the first year, or once around the seasonal cycle, he remains happy, for the most part. Early in the game, it is true, there appears on his horizon a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. He shortly discovers that, whereas a film or drama critic reviews a movie or a play with the understanding that the reader may subsequently investigate the movie or the play for himself, radio consists chiefly of matter that is presented once and then disappears forever. That is to say, there doesn't seem to be much point in discussing in detail the story or the performance of Norman Corwin's excellent drama broadcast the night before, as a drama critic would discuss the premiere of a play, because the chances are at least fifty to one that Mr. Corwin's drama will never be heard again. It remains, then, to write in general terms about Mr. Corwin, which is easy to do and a pleasure, because he is the finest writer radio has developed; and the same approach is in order for a number of others.

And there are topics no incipient critic can resist, like soap operas and commercials, which move him to a fine, eloquent indignation about blemishes on a medium he knows to be potentially wonderful. Again, there is an occasional piece of news in the radio industry that is conceivably of some interest outside the industry, like James C. Petrillo's latest antics,



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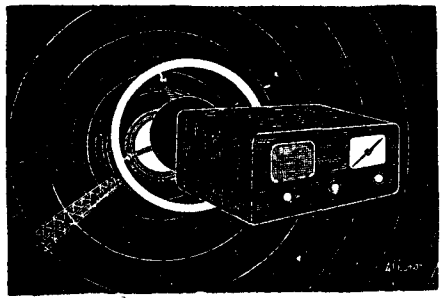
or even the FCC regulations of 1941.

So he goes cheerfully on through that first year, learning a good deal that he had not known before, which is always a satisfaction. He comes to regard as old friends any number of artists whose voices and personalities emerge at fixed times from the loud-speaker. The dissemination of great music, he suspects, is radio's finest gift to the public ear, but there is much else that is profitable and pleasurable. For instance, although he will never experience by wireless a dramatic event as enthralling as Maurice Evans's "Hamlet" in the theatre, he can make a good case for the fact that radio drama can be very, very good, demanding of its patrons more imagination and often giving them in return more flexibility and subtle imagery than the stage and screen do. In fact, he writes an article about this.

IT is at the end of that first year, as I recall, that that cloud which was no bigger than a man's hand becomes, of a sudden, an out-and-out storm signal. The reviewer still enjoys radio, but now it is harder to write about. This does not immediately make sense, I know. Radio is a lusty young art, isn't it, full of trends and conflicts and growing pains that should make warm copy? So it is, but they are interesting chiefly to people already in radio, not to the reader whom the reviewer is presumably addressing. The fall season opens, bringing the old favorites. There is still no point in writing in detail about Mr. Allen's quips of last Sunday, because he will have a different set of quips next week. But, on the other hand, there is no point in rewriting last year's general essay on Mr. Allen, great as Mr. Allen is; nor last year's essays on Mr. Benny, Mr. Corwin, Mr. Oboler, Miss Smith, or Information Please. The trouble is, the reviewer discovers with a start, that radio's successful people and programs have found formulae and stayed with them. Having a living to earn, they would be financially foolish if they didn't. But it doesn't make it any easier to write about them.

Well, then, let's see. A new soap opera has opened, and it is terrible, and there are always a few withering paragraphs on the dismal art of the soap opera. But the customers already know what the reviewer thinks about soap operas. They also know what he thinks about singing and middle commercials, announcers who try to be comedians, and those brilliant news analysts who can carry a sheaf of A.P. copy from the wire room to the microphone as quickly as the next fellow. (There was, of course,



radio's wartime performance, which was excellent.)

So now that cloud is sitting right on the reviewer's shoulder. Mind you, he still greatly respects radio as a medium and he has, perhaps, as many as two-score favorite programs to which he regularly listens with pleasure. But that is beside the point in his present dilemma. It is then that he realizes with dismay that radio is at once overwhelming in its variety and deadly in its repetitiousness. And there is something else even more disturbing. It is, simply, that nobody really gives a damn what a radio reviewer says in the first place, except a stray actor or writer whom he has happened to praise or pan.

Glancing through the recent fortieth anniversary issue of *Variety*, I was mildly amused to note that a network vice president in charge of programming painted a pretty picture of "critic and radio producer . . . both trying to pull on the same team for better listening." Every radio reviewer has heard that one, and none but an extraordinary egotist would believe for a moment that (save in very rare instances) his opinion had the slightest influence on the conduct of the radio industry. For, unless he is not quite bright, a radio reviewer learns quickly that radio is essentially a money-minded business, and that when the prospect of a dollar conflicts with the public interest, the dollar is an odds-on favorite to win. As God is my judge, this is not cynacism. It is a fact.

The reviewer, still aflutter with fine ideals as he thinks of what radio might be, is loath to accept this. Forsaking his theory that a newspaper or magazine critic should write for his readers, he chides the National Broadcasting Company for hiding a superb series of Arthur Hopkins productions in a niche at 11:30 P.M. —it is perfectly obvious why; the program was a "sustainer"—and the answer is a silence as of a cemetery secreted in the RCA Building. He angrily denounces the Columbia Broadcasting System for placing a Norman Corwin series in unsold time opposite the immensely popular Bob Hope on Tuesday nights. He inquires why sundry other "prestige programs" are pushed from pillar to post around the schedule to make way for any shoddy show that has a dollar sign on it; while he wonders, the shows keep getting pushed around and, as likely as not, finally disappear because they have not "sold," leaving him to holler into a well reserved for useless squawks.

All this is slightly disconcerting to the reviewer, who now begins to sense a certain discrepancy between art and commerce. It is the beginning, alas, of disillusion. Then, like the industry as a whole, he begins to watch the sacred Crossley ratings, and things become yet clearer. Allegedly the Crossley ratings indicate approximately how many people are listening to a given program. It is all radio really wants to know about its public. The Crossley doesn't ask the listeners whether or not they like what they hear. It is not interested in listener opinion, and neither are the agencies or the networks. The important thing is how many people will buy a mouth wash or send in a box top, and whether the client will renew for another thirteen weeks. The eye of the reviewer, once dewey with hope, grows a little glazed and hard. It is no accident, he perceives, that in a quarter of a century radio has developed and retained only half a dozen good serious writers—and no major critics.

I do not like to be too melancholy about all this, but I were derelict in my duty to the aspiring radio critic did I fail to note that his readers, too, do not really give a damn. Unlike the playgoer and the movie fan, the radio listener is apt to encounter a new offering as soon as the reviewer does, and maybe sooner unless the reviewer is a conscientious gent who remains glued to his receiving set. The listener is his own critic, in whose life the radio is a fixed habit, like a breakfast food, and whose pattern of listening is long since established. If he welcomes any advice from a pseudo-oracle who is no closer to the medium than he is, I have yet to hear of it.

Indeed, it could be—it is a little late to be thinking of this—that there isn't any real reason for radio criticism, pending the arrival of television, which will be something else again and will call for a new form of critical what's-it, a sort of radio-movie-drama pundit all rolled into one. In the meantime, the boys and girls are in there trying. An old alumnus wishes them nothing but luck.

JOHN K. HUTCHENS.

Mr. Hutchens was radio editor of The New York Times *from 1941 to 1944. He is now on the staff of* The New York Times Book Review.

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FOOD AND THOUGHT

A GOOD many years ago the late Dr. Frank Crane, then the most widely syndicated columnist in the country, announced: "I have put the essay in the workingman's pocket." The essay, in Dr. Crane's definition of the term, meant a composite of quotations, platitudes, truisms, glittering generalities, and a great deal of sound common sense. That he was able to make his daily pronouncements stimulating and important to a vast number of persons —and he had an enormous following—was largely because he proclaimed the eternal verities, because he presented to men and women in short, vigorous sentences those truths which they had so long since accepted as a code of conduct that their dynamic quality had vanished, or because, for those who perhaps had never pondered them, he made them dramatic and imperative. He was conscience and prophet to great numbers of persons who customarily did little thinking for themselves, and though the sophisticates regarded his column as cleverly executed palaver it undoubtedly gave direction to the opinions of many who read it.

It is a common mistake of intellectuals to suppose that what is trite or matter of course to them is necessarily so to all men. In a democracy like America, where education is widespread and information easily available, there is a deceptive surface which conceals superficiality of thought and knowledge. Under the outer layer of American literacy frequently lies confusion and ignorance. The American is quick, perceptive, ingenious, but he is more given to doing than to reflecting, and while his sympathies are ready and his emotions generous he is often parochial enough neither to like nor to understand what he does not know. But he can be easily inflamed to interest. He has a ranging curiosity, a desire to see and experience, and his enthusiasm can be enlisted for any cause which makes appeal to his morals and his reason.

We are witnessing now an exhibition of America at its worst, of Americans in face of the anguish of a world debating instead of acting, of an America which not long since burnt its bounteous crops taking belated measures or half measures to feed a starving Europe, of long lines of Americans cueing up to buy stockings while the lines across the ocean stand day in and day out for food that is pitifully inadequate for the needs even of peoples habituated to the meagerest rations. We live here in the lap of comfort and babble of our shortages while others have nothing at all. Yet Americans are not callous or indifferent; they are merely what today is as great a sin—unaware. What they have not experienced, they do not realize. But the moral obligation is on each and every American to know what is going on abroad, and to accept his responsibility for alleviating it. The pressure of opinion ought to force government to immediate large-scale action and the individual to his small bit to feed the starving of foreign lands. It is futile to suggest that America for two days of the week approximate the scant rations of the Europeans as a means to feed the latter. It is less useless to urge that while government shillyshallies, individuals lessen their consumption of bread and flour. But no half measures will avail, and the insistence of every American ought to be for immediate federal action. It is incredible that Americans cannot be roused to force this action, to take voluntary action along with it. It is the fault of our leaders of opinion if they cannot, for once the heart and the mind of the people have been reached they will give, give, as the slogan of the First World War had it, "till it hurts." In this battle to rouse public opinion the Frank Cranes have as real a part to play as Capitol Hill. For the truisms, the reiterated wisdom and ethical precepts of the world, for great masses of people are not platitudes but revelation. They are a challenge to the instincts, the humane impulses that slumber within them and that can be called into action by the right word at the right moment. The Dr. Cranes of the world will often bring them to life where more subtle preaching proves sterile.

A. L.

The Spanish Agenda

By William Rose Benet

THREE upright men at the mouth of an alley
Where, dim in lamplight, a man half-dead
Sagged in his bonds. Their heads wagged slowly.
Tongues against teeth, *"Tchk! Tchk!"* they said.
The man's tormentor swaggered before him.
They heard the stock-whip whistle and thud.
They watched how the blows of the sadist tore him.
They saw how the lash on the bones drew blood.

One opined, "How pure is our intention,
For we all deplore what we think we see,
But we all believe in non-intervention.
Why doesn't that fellow set himself free?
We do not approve of the swarthy stranger
Who plies his whip with such mad intent,
But our nearby homes do not seem in danger,
And we must not establish a precedent!

So let us take it under advisement;
Let us create a sub-committee;
Let us investigate this chastisement;
Let us all vote it a terrible pity!"
"Sound!" said the second to the other.
"Really a pity," quoth the third,
"For we feel toward that man like a very brother,
But one knows the results of a thoughtless word!"

They wagged their heads at the way they found Man,
And piously turned from that glimpse of hell.
Wrenched in his bonds sagged the bloodied bound man.
The whip retracted . . . The whip fell.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Who Wrote "Kitty Foyle"?

SIR: Looking up some of my back numbers of the Moscow magazine *Internatsionalnaya Literatura* I found in 3-5, 1942, a most enlightening article on contemporary American writers. The magazine aims at acquainting the Soviet reader with the latest trends in foreign literature and the "best" works of fiction. Among the several "outstanding" American writers (mainly Communists) mentioned in the article there is also the famous author of the splendid novel "Kitty Foyle," Mr. Dalton Trumbo, author of the novel "Johnny Got His Gun," which was serialized in the New York *Daily Worker* during the isolationist and anti-war period of the party line.

It seems that Mr. Trumbo wrote the movie script based on Mr. Christopher Morley's novel, and the piece of literary criticism in the Soviet magazine recognizes the script as a major work of American literature, describing the rise of a poor American working girl. Mr. Trumbo's language is superb, his characterization artistic, his approach to the problem deep and penetrating, his description of the American scene excellent. Mr. Trumbo, says the magazine *International Literature,* to judge by his "Kitty Foyle," is a writer of great promise.

There is not a word about Mr. Morley. He really should join the Communist party and get at least some recognition.

M. JELEZNOV.

New York City.

Guy Here, Guy There

SIR: As misunderstandings continue as concerns the word "guy," perhaps a London born New Yorker might help clarify the issue.

It is because in England "guy" lacks the genial, comradely familiarity which we have imparted to the word that Mr. Ervine sees it as objectionable. I left London at the age of six, but I still recall the tone of insult evoked by "Guy Fawkes' Day," and the street bonfires in which this unpopular rebel was burnt in effigy. Children chanted this set of words, monotonously but with much gusto:

Guy, guy, guy,
Poke 'im in the eye,
Poke 'im up the chimney pot
And there let 'im die!

I trust that international amity will now be reëstablished.

EMILIE M. KUSSIN.

New York City.

Postscript on the Greenwich Vote

SIR: In your March 30 issue Mr. Alfred Baker Lewis makes a statement in regard to the position taken by the League of Women Voters at the time of the UN site referendum in Greenwich. Mr. Lewis was sadly misinformed when he said, "Throughout the nation women's organizations, such as the YWCA and the League of Women Voters, have done valuable work in combatting American isolationism. But in Greenwich the feminine counterparts of the Hearsts, Nyes, Pattersons, and McCormicks were sufficiently influential even in these organizations to prevent either of them from holding any public meetings at which the proponents of the UN could present their case, although they were strongly urged to do so."

Believing that your readers would be interested in knowing the facts regarding the League's position at that time, we send you this letter.

Because the League is a non-partisan, fact-finding organization it has always been our custom to offer informational services to the voters before any election. These services divide themselves into three parts:

(1) distribution of printed factual information;

(2) demonstration of the voting machine;

(3) presentation of a candidates' meeting at which all parties have an equal opportunity to influence the voters.

At the time of the Greenwich referendum we could issue no printed information, as the Governor's fact-finding committee, from whom accurate information might be expected, was just being formed.

We called a special board meeting at which we seriously considered a meeting which would be as fair and as open as our candidates' meetings have always been. At no time during our deliberations, may we say, were our decisions influenced by those who opposed the coming of the UN to Greenwich. The committees representing both viewpoints in the referendum were holding rallies and both sides had good local press coverage. But the position of the state of Connecticut and the stake that we as a nation had was not being voiced. In order to do this, we felt that the viewpoints of the State Department and that of the Governor of Connecticut would be essential, as this matter was not purely local and involved the interests of the state and the nation as well. On telephoning Governor Baldwin we found that it would be impossible for him to speak in Greenwich before the referendum was to be held. We were told by the State Department that Mr. Stettinius would not be available on such short notice.

Therefore our conception of the type of meeting which we might offer to the town could not be realized and we had to abandon the plan. The League then offered the only service it was able to give under the circumstances—the demonstration of the voting machine and the distribution of sample ballots in an effort to make sure that people understood the wording on the ballot.

MRS. WM. C. MCKEEHAN, JR.,
President.

Riverside, Greenwich, Conn.

"It was casserole this and casserole that—I couldn't stand it any longer!"

Titleirium

SIR: Oh, "Light is the Morning" and "Dark is the Night,"
And an inverted title is not my delight.
Pray why must those sentences upside-down be?
Now what's happening look—they've got doing it me!

HELEN PLOTZ.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Reviewords

SIR: I'd see those critics burn and sear
Who always find all genius "sheer."

MILTON PLOTZ.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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What the Chinese Are Like

OUR NEIGHBORS, THE CHINESE. By Vaughan White. New York: Rinehart & Co., Inc. 1946. 267 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

NOT many Westerners can speak with such intimate acquaintance of our neighbors, the Chinese, as Miss White. Canton-born, the daughter of an American medical missionary, she knows five Chinese dialects, has long studied, taught, lectured, written, and expertized on the Chinese way of life. To her China is a "gigantic fruit cake" whose full flavor must be savored in a full bite and not in a nibble on an odd bit of citron or currant. In this book she offers a full bite.

The taste is pleasant, piquant, and somewhat discursive, as a good fruit cake ought to be. Miss White starts with a kind of primer-like premise that most Americans still think of the Chinese as a peculiar and curious race. She assures us that they are, indeed, very much like ourselves despite superficial differences. "Most important of all for our modern world," she adds, is the fact that both Chinese and Americans "are democrats by temperament." In China the democracy is evident less on the political level than in village life and everyday human relationships.

But, given basic similarities, there are important divergencies. The Chinese, says Miss White, have a "superiority complex." They remember they are the Sons of Han, a people of culture and humane philosophy when most of the borderland world was a wilderness of barbarians. The cultural conceit has made their present circumstances complex. They are torn between the old and the new, tradition and revolution, a belief in compromise and a practice of dissension. A good deal of this has been said before, but Miss White remakes the points with down-to-earth stories from her personal experience. For example, she describes the Chinese system of *pao chia*, or family responsibility for the individual. She illustrates with an anecdote of a merchant who borrowed $10,000 from his bank with no other security than the bank's knowledge that the borrower's relatives stood behind him and would lose face if he defaulted.

Again and again Miss White returns to the theme that it is the hard-working, illiterate peasant who counts most in the life of China. She describes vividly the great Sun Yat-sen's concern for his rural countrymen, and how, in his old age, he wept at the sight of them toiling in the paddy fields. She tells of the time she lived with a peasant family near the Yangtze delta, of their love of the good earth and their struggle against bad taxes, rents, and debts. She is a fervent admirer of the work of Rewi Alley, the remarkable New Zealander who promoted industrial coöperatives for China. "Coöperatives fit into the landscape of rural China," she writes. "They have improved the condition of the peasant, raised his standard of living, and educated him." And she has an uneasy doubt whether the present leaders of China (not including the Communists) really are interested, as they should be, in a drastic betterment of the peasant's lot.

Miss White's fruit cake has other ingredients, sometimes of surprising variety. She does a little essay on the war lords, a phase of Chinese history which seems definitely to be running out. She recalls an interview with Tibet's Panchen Lama, who died in 1937. She contrasts the Japanese national character ("a sensuous people, dependent on a material world") with the Chinese ("diametrically opposed to the Japanese").

As an authority on Chinese women, especially the dynamic, modern-minded type, Miss White makes a challenging statement: "We American women have not begun to achieve as much political leadership as have the Chinese women, nor have we taken full advantage of the chances offered us to put our political ideals into practice." She pays tribute to Madame Chiang Kai-shek's energy, purposefulness, and broadening influence on the Generalissimo. She describes the Gissimo as an evolutionary revolutionist, whose government has had "strong fascist tendencies." Has he, she wonders, "fashioned his leadership so as really to raise the standard of living of his people?" On the other hand, she does not believe Communism is for the Chinese—rather, the nation will adapt both capitalism and Communism to its own unique *pao chia*.

Perhaps Miss White's most interesting chapter, and one that covers the least familiar ground, is that devoted to the overseas Chinese. She has made a special study of their activities. They are the most nationalistic of all Chinese, as expatriates tend to be. They financed Sun Yat-sen. By 1937 they were sending $300,000,000 a year to their homeland in aid of its modernization. They were solidly entrenched in the economic life of Indo-China, Siam, Malaya, the East Indies, the Philippines. Some day they will surely help make China the natural, dominant leader of all Southeast Asia. But this, as Miss White observes, is looking far ahead. First and foremost, China must put her own house in order, lead her own masses to a more abundant life.

—*Bailey*

Miss White [Josephine Vaughan and Elsie White] reports the Chinese "torn between old and new, tradition and revolution."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Lady Macbeth, in "Macbeth," by William Shakespeare.
2. Captain Hook, in "Peter Pan," by James M. Barrie.
3. Captain Cuttle, in "Dombey and Son," by Charles Dickens.
4. Edward Rochester, in "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë.
5. Ah Sin, in "Plain Language from Truthful James," by Bret Harte.
6. "The Jumblies," by Edward Lear.
7. Uriah Heep, in "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.
8. "A. V. Laider," by Max Beerbohm.
9. "The Poster Girl," by Carolyn Wells.
10. Adrian Borlsover, in "The Beast With Five Fingers," by William F. Harvey.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 630)

M. R. COHEN:

THE FAITH OF A LIBERAL

(Democracy Inspected)

Men have always been more willing to fight for their gods than to look at them too closely. . . . No modern subject, probably, has brought forth so much lyric liturgy and acrimonious debate devoid of illumination as has . . . Democracy.

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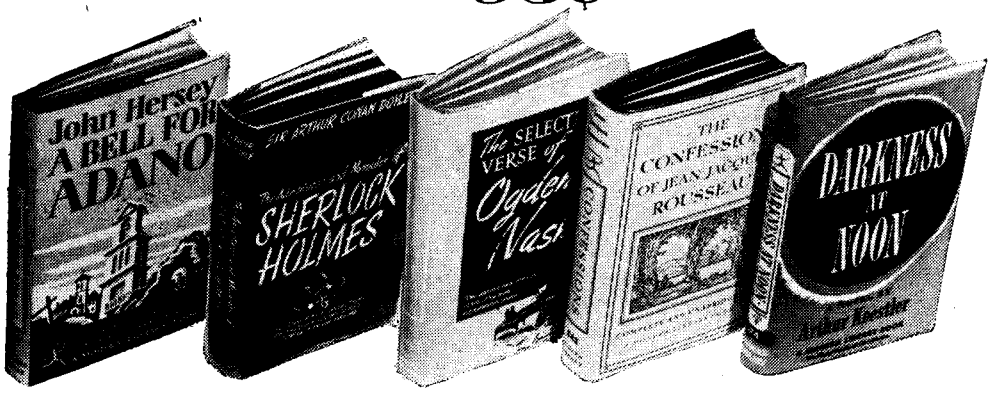

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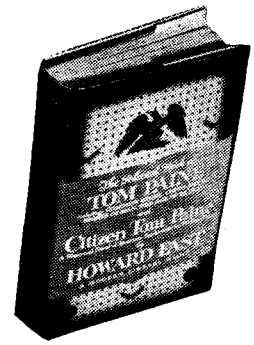

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It's the Climate, Plus

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA COUNTRY. By Carey McWilliams. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1946. 387 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON

FOR those who have not paid special attention to the geography of the West Coast it may be as well to define exactly what Carey McWilliams is talking about in this the best book, by all odds, yet written about Southern California.

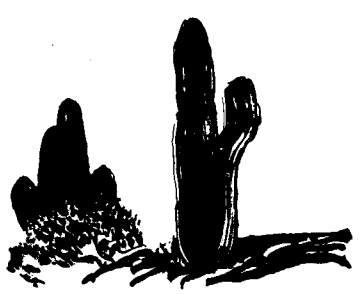
Southern California—the "fortunate land," as Hamlin Garland once called it—occupies something less than one-third of the State of California. It is a coastal strip running southward from the Tehachapi Range, which cuts across the State to the sea about 275 miles north of the Mexico line. The depth of the area varies from a few miles to almost a hundred. (For Mr. McWilliams's purposes Southern California does *not* include the Imperial Valley which, although it is politically within the area, is actually a part of the Colorado River basin.) Because of its physical arrangement Southern California is different in a thousand ways from the rest of the State. And the nub of this difference is its climate. The towering mountains keep out the dust and heat of the desert; at the same time they snatch moisture from the ocean winds. The combination of mountains, ocean breeze, and semi-desert terrain, as Mr. McWilliams notes, is what makes the climate. And the climate is what has made Southern California.

Throughout Mr. McWilliams's book this fact of nature is never far in the background. As he examines the various land-booms, from the fantastic rush of the 1880's down to the expansion of the 1920's, it is crystal clear that whatever the real estate promoter might say it was the climate that gave him his chance. One such, franker than his fellows, once put it openly into words: "We're selling the climate," he said, "and the acreage is thrown in." He was speaking the simple truth. It was the climate of the region that brought the motion-picture industry to Southern California in the first place. It was the climate that made it the citrus center that it is. Helen Hunt Jackson put it correctly when she said of Southern California, "It is a sort of island on the land." It is not surprising, then, that the climate runs like a bright thread through Mr. McWilliams's study.

The climate, however, is by no means all the story, as the author knows. Because of his training Mr. McWilliams is chiefly interested in social and economic forces, and he looks at the region from this point of view rather than from that of the traditional historian. If the reader wants straight history, says Mr. McWilliams, let him go elsewhere for it. If he wants romance undiluted he may find that elsewhere too. Considering his subject in this way, he discusses Spanish California, for example, chiefly as the Spanish and Mexican periods (a) helped set up the California Indian for the knock-out blow delivered by the American invasion that followed the gold rush, and (b) as the Spanish hacienda system impressed itself upon the social thinking of California down to the present. In general this is the approach throughout.

Looking at Southern California from this point of view, Mr. McWilliams conducts a more or less clinical examination into the region's state of health, applying the tests that his approach suggests. Does the climate do anything to the people? Yes, says Mr. McWilliams, "The longer people live in this strip of good land, this fortunate coast, the more they are influenced by the authority of the land itself," and he proceeds to cite the cult of the outdoors which derives naturally from the excess of sunshine, the statistics which show the California-born generations to be increasing in stature and in strength, the writers who have noted the "strange spell of unreality" cast over everything by the Southern California climate. Has the tradition of Spanish hacienda operation influenced California's agricultural economy? Yes and again yes, says Mr. McWilliams; the hacienda idea grew out of peon labor, plentiful in the new land, and today's equivalent of peon labor (at any rate until recently), the itinerant worker, has helped retain the essentials of grand-scale hacienda-farming-modern-style.

In this way Mr. McWilliams works out his diagnosis, weighing and considering all sorts of factors and symptoms—land and citrus booms, oil and industrial booms; the migrations of Chinese, Mexicans, and Filipinos; the arrival of middle-class money from other States in the Union, of blown-out and tractored-out farmers from Oklahoma, of war-workers siphoned into the region in the war years; the curious politics of Southern California, in which EPIC plans and Townsend schemes, the retarded situation of labor due to the McNamara bombings thirty-five years ago, the sheer out-and-out Utopian quality of the region all play a part; the semi-religious and mystical cults that have always found favor there; the growth of the extraordinary city of Los Angeles; the development of that fabulous "island within an island," Hollywood, and its influence upon the rest of the region; the place of racial and religious minorities; finally the general cultural confusion which has resulted from a combination of natural advantages, alien patrimonies, too-swift growth, fantastic promotion, and the mingling of groups that had no time to get used to each other, the whole resulting in one outstanding impression—the impression of impermanence, which Mr. Edmund Wilson once interpreted as "unreality," mistakenly attributing this to "the Coast" when he meant only Hollywood and its immediate surroundings, which constitute only the merest fraction of the coast or even of California.



Mr. McWilliams conducts this examination in his customary spirit of rapid-fire busyness, a blend of testiness, sudden good-nature, sweeping condemnation, broad generalizing, dogmatic statement, and a happy belief in the efficacy of quotation from almost anyone who has written anything on the subject in hand. Yet surprisingly it all adds up to a genuinely shrewd estimate of the region and first-rate journalism to boot. Perhaps Mr. McWilliams is now and again more then faintly reminiscent of Joshua Ebenezer Fry, who couldn't be fooled because he was too durned sly; his resolve not to be taken in by any bunkum is evident on almost every page. Perhaps, too, as an editor once remarked of Ambrose Bierce, he is inclined to "impale the inoffensive moon," wasting ammunition on various transient aspects of the Southern California scene which are hardly worth the trouble.

As for his prognosis, which is delivered rather as one might perform an act of faith, Mr. McWilliams goes all out for a great tomorrow for Southern California.

It may be that Mr. McWilliams is right. Just the same, it would be interesting to have the opinions of a group of San Franciscans—Northern Californians—on the subject.

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A new romance of old China

by the author of Winter Cherry

Although she lived a thousand years ago, Peony was an independent girl. When her true love died, it did not mean the end of men in her life. First there was her brother's tutor — then a very scholarly scholar — and finally the amorous governor of her province. Keith West's novel about Peony's life and loves is written with wit and sophistication. $2.00

Peony

By

KEITH WEST

Storm Jameson's new novel

Set in occupied Germany today, *The Other Side* has a small cast of characters—a German family, their French daughter-in-law, and two occupation officers stationed in their home. It is "a beautifully told story of emotional tensions," according to Polly Goodwin in the *Chicago Tribune.* And John Cournos in the *New York Sun* calls it "one of the top novels so far this season . . . It may be legitimately called a thriller, especially designed for intellectual palates." $1.75

THE OTHER SIDE

By Storm Jameson

At your bookstore

MACMILLAN

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TRADE Winds

MAYTIME MISCELLANY

WITH THE HAPPY springtime notion of proving that everything hasn't gone completely to pot in Europe, Phil Hodge, now in the U. S. Information Service, relays a copy of an advertisement that appeared in a recent issue of the *Paris Tribune:*

MONTE CARLO

In the very near future, the Monte Carlo season will open . . . magic words which will evoke happy memories among the numerous admirers of the Principality of Monaco.

In addition to social and artistic galas, operas, ballets and concerts at the Opera House, the famous Sporting d'Hiver will open on December 22. This will undoubtedly bring back to Monte Carlo the fashionable crowds for whom it has always been a favorite resort, unequaled for its display of fashion and refinement.

The Haute Couture is enthusiastic about the decision of Monte Carlo to hold Galas this winter, as the Sporting provides the ideal setting for beautiful women in the latest Paris creations of Evening Gowns.

LILLY DACHE'S forthcoming tome, "Talking Through My Hats" (Coward-McCann), did not get its title without a struggle. One editor wanted "Homburg Heaven," another "Beret Me Not"—but wiser heads prevailed. . . . Discussing the whimsies of literary giants on a radio program, Galen Drake asserted that (1) John Keats spread red pepper instead of butter on his breakfast toast, (2) Hawthorne always washed his hands carefully before and after he read a letter from his wife, and (3) Charles Darwin disliked reading cumbersome volumes so heartily, he tore out each page as he finished it, and threw it away. . . . Sean O'Casey's new play, "Red Roses for Me," has created a major sensation in London, and is being hailed as his greatest since "The Plough and the Stars" (produced exactly twenty years ago). Macmillan will publish it in America, but the subject matter may discourage Broadway producers. The hero is a young worker of Dublin, who renounces love, organizes a strike, and is killed in a street fight. . . .

IN A LETTER to his editor, Benny De Voto, one-time editor of the *SRL,* confides that he is finishing a book on the Rocky Mountain fur trade, and then will be off on a three-month motor trip through the West. "My excuse," he says, "is that I'm going to get to work on a book about Lewis and Clark; the fact is that I've been off the roads too damn long and I feel that the restoration of the American sentiments to which we are all dedicated requires the nation's most expert motorist to take to the trail again.". . .

P. E. G. QUERCUS, who nursed Trade Winds before they blew into the cornfields, submits a little poem called "Big Three" (with a passing nod to George Stevens):

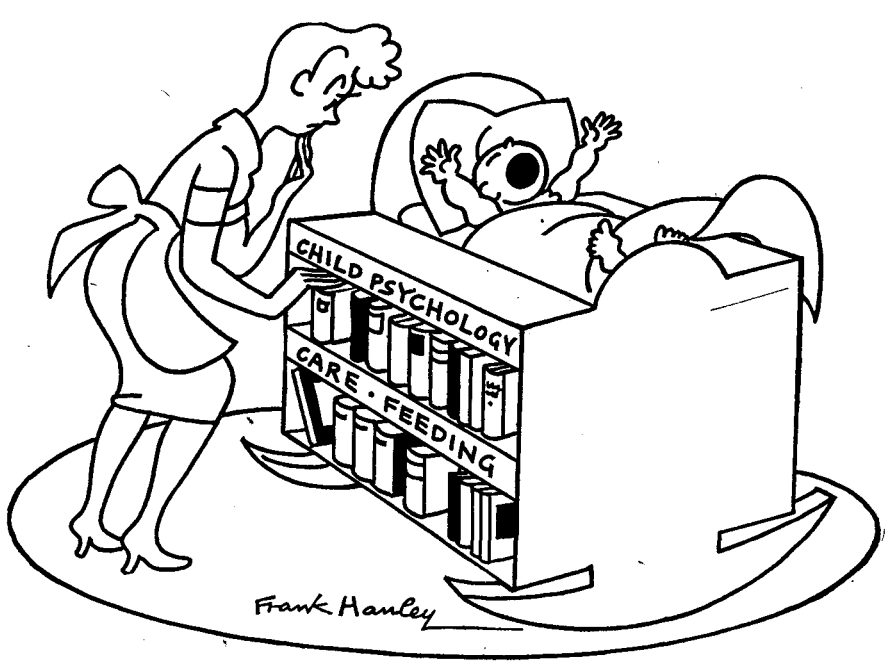
Three subjects, publishers know well,
Hardly ever fail to sell;
Three kinds of sentimental duffle
Are never buried in the shuffle:

A Dog, a Doctor, or Abe Lincoln
Keep the Trade in beer and Schinken;
Abe, and pooches, and physicians
Carry on through large editions.

My book should be a sure-fire bet;
Save paper! I may write it yet—
A dish of saccharine and grog,
Entitled LINCOLN'S DOCTOR'S DOG.

Quercus's next appearance in the stalls, under the pseudonym of Christopher Morley, will be as editor of a toothsome crime trilogy labeled "Murder with a Difference." The contents: "Murder of My Aunt," by Richard Hull; "A Taste for Honey," by H. F. Heard; and "Hangover Square," by Patrick Hamilton. . . . At risk of ruffling The Phoenix Nest, I'd like to reprint another brief poem by Clarence Flynn, written for the Mayflower Hotel's house organ. It is called "Advertisement," and runs as follows: "We can't get stuff to mix it. We can't get clerks to sell it. We can't get men to fix it. We can't get space to tell it. If only we could make it, And there were plenty of it, And trains had time to take it, You certainly would love it! . . ."

STANTON GRIFFIS, of Brentano's (and Lord knows what else), is determined to buy a share of a major publishing house. . . . Edna Ferber's new contract with S. and S. bandies figures that are said to be astronomical. . . . The *Herald Tribune Book Review* will blossom in new typographic finery before long. . . . The *Philadelphia Inquirer* will be the next newspaper to offer a special tabloid book section. . . . A prize item on the summer list of Arkham House, of Sauk City, Wisconsin, is a collection of twenty-one stories by A. E. Coppard, titled "Fearful Pleasures." Included are the famous "Adam and Eve and Pinch Me," and "Clorinda Walks in Heaven." These two stories were rare collectors' items when they were published first in England in limited editions by the Golden Cockerel Press—an enterprise of Robert Gibbings, author of "Lovely Is the Lea.". . . Rex Beach's first novel in six years, "The World in His Arms," will be published by Putnam's. The name of Rex Beach brings back memories of "The Spoilers" and "The Ne'er-do-Well," borrowed by your entranced correspondent from the Tabard Inn Library and



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"Waiter! Will you sharpen these pencils?"

read surreptitiously in Mr. Birch's science class at Public School 10. . . .

FRED BECK'S "Second Carrot from the End" (Morrow) is the story of the famous farmer's market in Hollywood. "It's the only market in the world," he declares (and who would dream of questioning his word?), "where Harold Lloyd, millionaire actor, producer, and bowling alley operator, worked as a soda jerk, the only market that ever had a hole chopped in its roof so that Shirley Temple could be whisked through it, the only market where Monty Woolley got his beard caught in a peanut butter mill." . . . Joe Laurie, Jr., who tells so many of the jokes that columnists "originate" six months later, and whose memory of Broadway legend is uncanny, is writing a history of big-time vaudeville that will be the unchallenged authority on the subject from now on. . . . Rod MacLean, apropos of nothing at all, wires that a pink elephant is a beast of bourbon. . . . Earl Wilson reports that he is toiling manfully on another book, which he threatens to call (if nobody stops him in time) "I'm Gazing into Your Father's Mustache.". . .

HOWARD FAST'S new novel, "The American," will be the Literary Guild selection for August. It is a story of John Altgeld, who won national fame when, as governor of Illinois, he pardoned the Chicago anarchists who were convicted of inciting the bloody Haymarket riots. . . . Another top-ranking American author whose new book may be ready for fall publication, is William Faulkner, absent from the lists since "Go Down Moses" appeared in 1942. . . . Manuel Siwek has been appointed sales manager of Grosset and Dunlap. Ed Ketcham is now chairman of the executive committee. . . . "The Author Meets the Critics" radio program moves to WQXR on May 23. The new time is Thursday evenings from 9:30 to 10. . . . In his forthcoming book, "The Army Writer" (foreword by Col. Joe Greene), David Klein handles with wit and gusto the matter of simplifying military terminology. He claims that he was convinced of the crying need for such a volume by coming upon a horde of unruly majors and captains yakking over this announcement on a Pentagon bulletin board: "Officers wishing to take advantage of stenographers in the pool will go to room 801 to show evidence of their needs."

Well, my desk drawers look a lot cleaner, anyhow!

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

Dear Theo:
Do you think that we too shall be at the evening of our life before we know it?

Dear Theo:
I am very busy making a summary of the history of the Reformation.

Dear Theo:
And now I am studying; though it may cost a little more, it must be done well; it is a race and a fight for my life.

Dear Theo:
Here in the Borinage there are no pictures; speaking in general, one does not even know what a picture is.

Dear Theo:
Now for more than five years I have been more or less without employment wandering here and there. It is true that I have lost the confidence of many; that my financial affairs are in a sad state; that the future is only too sombre; that my needs are greater, infinitely greater than my possessions. But is this what you call going down, is this what you call doing nothing?

Dear Theo:
There is something of Rembrandt in Shakespeare, and of Correggio in Michelet, and of Delacroix in Victor Hugo.

Dear Theo:
I believe the longer you think it over, the more you will sell the urgent necessity of more artistic surroundings for me, for how can one learn to draw if no one shows one how?

Dear Theo:
Believe me I grind all day long and I do so with pleasure, but I should get very much discouraged if I could not go on working as hard or even harder.

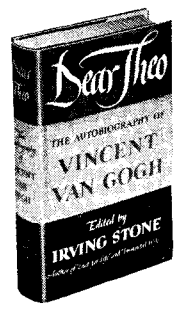
Dear Theo:
Something terrible has happened, which hardly anybody here knows, or suspects, or may ever know.

Dear Theo:
There's nothing sad in this death; it goes its way in broad daylight, with a sun flooding everything with a light of pure gold.

* * *

And so the letters are written, each one long and full of vitality, full of myriad thoughts and feelings and confidences and hopes and fears—VAN GOGH'S own vitality and his intense striving. These letters are written as he painted, boldly, honestly, and with a sense of tenderness few *women* can show.

Dear Theo is a must.



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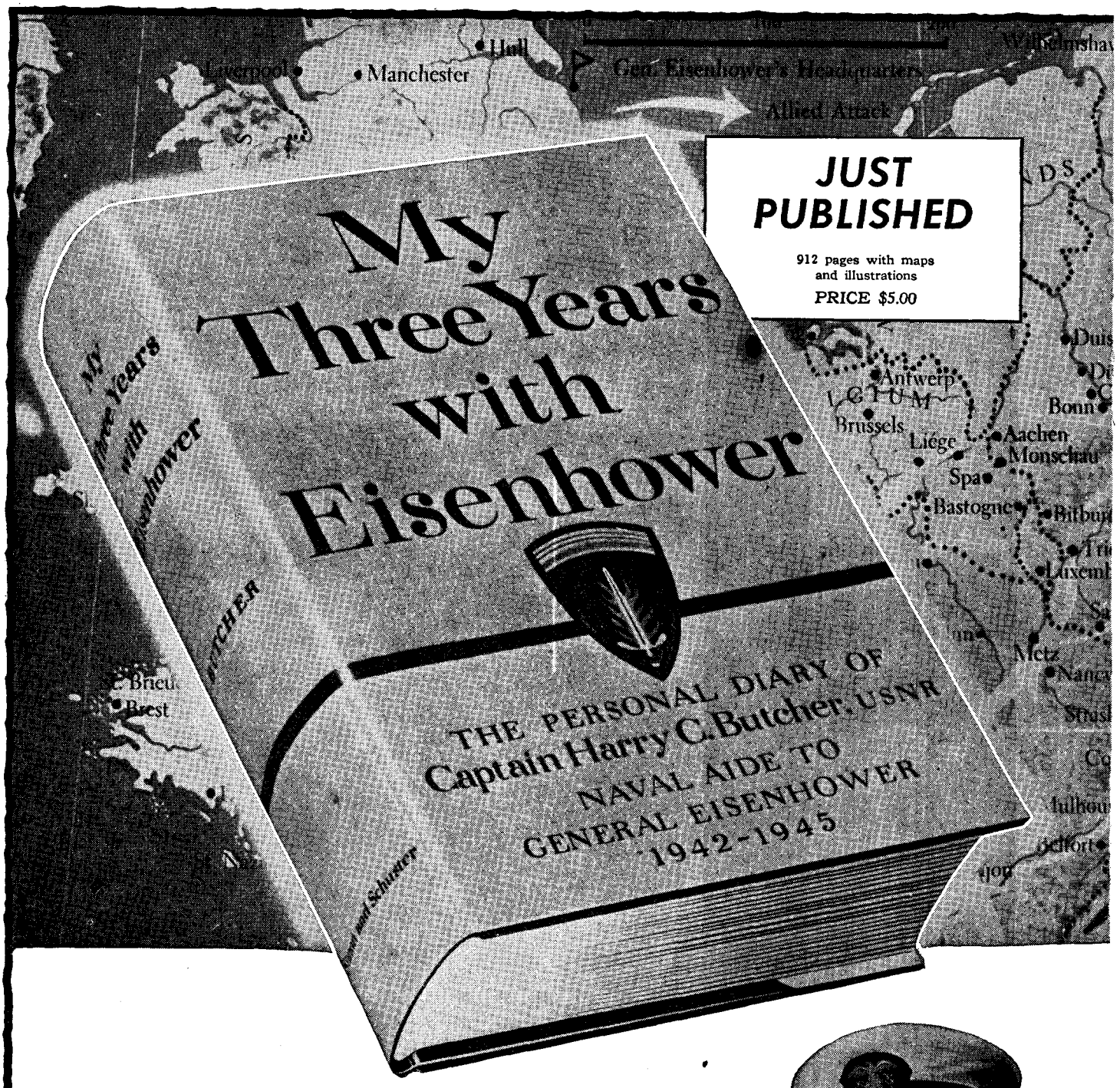

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Seeing Things

MARCHBANKS vs. SHAW

EUGENE MARCHBANKS must be as difficult a part as can confront an actor. Marlon Brando makes this once again clear—painfully clear—in Miss Cornell's most recent revival of "Candida."*

So have all the other luckless men I have seen in the part in the last quarter of a century—Maurice Browne, Richard Bird, John Cromwell, and Robert Harris. Whether they have played opposite Ellen Von Volkenburg, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Peggy Wood, or Miss Cornell, each and every one of them has been downed by Mr. Shaw's poet.

That is, they have all been downed except one—Burgess Meredith. When he was Marchbanks in Miss Cornell's revival of four years back, Mr. Meredith acted the part as we will doubtless never see it acted again. He not only played Marchbanks; he wrote the character for Mr. Shaw. He wrote Marchbanks as Mr. Shaw had failed to write him; wrote him in terms of his own personality and performance. Mr. Meredith managed to complete, explain, and humanize a figure at once so unfinished and improbable that he has generally been the stumbling-block in this otherwise comfortable and pleasant comedy.

No wonder George Alexander, when Shaw read him the script, said he would like to impersonate the poet if only he were made blind to win sympathy. Or that Richard Mansfield, who first thought of producing "Candida," shelved his production when it was in rehearsal. It was Alexander Woollcott's surmise that Mansfield had lost his nerve when he realized he would have to say, "I was eighteen this morning." But this can be dismissed as conjecture, if not as malice for its own unsweet sake. Shaw's explanation was satisfactory to—Shaw. He stated flatly that Mansfield had been "beaten by the physical difficulties of the part."

These difficulties, however, are more than physical. The trouble with Marchbanks is not his youth. Or the fact that he has both his eyes and is not a cripple. Or even that he is a poet. The trouble is that he is Shaw's idea of a poet. Worse still, he is Shaw's opinion—his dissenting opinion—of the pure artist, stated in dialogic form and masquerading as a man. And artists—pure artists, artists who are only artists—have never been Mr. Shaw's dish. His allergy to them is monumental.

One of the paradoxes of his paradoxical career is that, though a major artist, Mr. Shaw has always been an artist in spite of himself. His hatred of art for art's sake has been no more hidden than his vegetarianism. His contempt has been flaunted like his beard in the face of the world. He has been too sincere a Puritan and too grave a prophet to tolerate beauty merely as an end in itself. He has suspected its incense-burners and laughed at its lily-claspers.

In the dizzying realm of esthetics he has remained a teetotaler, complacent in his sobriety. He has delighted not only in staying on the wagon but in driving the wagon itself into the most populous of beauty's pubs, and shaming the barflies there. He has even interrupted their toasts to silence them with Lady Macbeth. It was she, as he once pointed out in one of his Carrie Nation moods, who said to her "blithering, ghostridden spouse, 'When all's done, you look but on a stool.'" To Mr. Shaw beauty is like that stool. It is empty if it holds nothing. Its excuse is the purpose it serves.

"To an Irishman," Mr. Shaw confessed when reviewing a book by that "artstruck" Britisher, Dixon Scott, "there is always something indecent in the way an Englishman takes to art, when he does take to it. He worships it; exalts its artifices above its inspirations; makes gods of its frail and ridiculous human instruments; pontificates and persecutes in its name; and ends in delirium and drunkenness, which seem to him the raptures of a saint's vigil."

Mr. Shaw has never denied that he shares the world's opinion in considering himself a genius. He has described himself as a literary artist, insisting that he has made larger claims for literature—or, at any rate, put them forward more explicitly—than any other writer of his generation. He has spoken unblushingly of the Apostolic Succession which in dramatic literature has stretched from Aeschylus to himself. He once provoked thrombosis among certain Bardolators by proclaiming that he was better than Shakespeare. Yet, regardless of the literary echelons in which he has placed himself, his insistence has always been that the man of letters, when he is not more than a mere confectioner, is a prophet or nothing.

"To listen for a writer's message, even when the fellow is a fool, is one thing: to worship his tools and his tricks, his pose and his style, is an abomination. Admire them by all means, just as you admire the craft of the masons and the carpenters and the sculptors who built your cathedral; but don't go inside and sing Te Deums to them."

—Bob Golby

"The trouble is that Marchbanks is Shaw's idea of a poet. Worse, he is Shaw's opinion of pure artists . . . and [they] have never been Mr. Shaw's dish."

CANDIDA, by Bernard Shaw. Presented by Katharine Cornell in association with Gilbert Miller. Staged by Guthrie McClintic. Setting by Woodman Thompson. With Miss Cornell, Marlon Brando, Wesley Addy, Cedric Hardwicke, Mildred Natwick, and Oliver Cliff. At the Cort Theatre.

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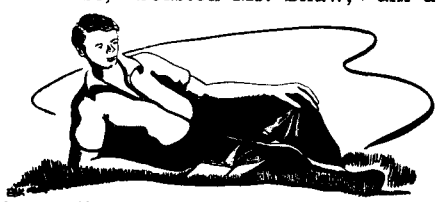
He was horrified when the aforesaid Dixon Scott in an essay on Mr. Shaw quoted, as a fine specimen of style, a long Shavian sentence indicting civilization. To Shaw this was very much as if he had told Mr. Scott the house was on fire, and Mr. Scott had said, "How admirably monosyllabic!" and left the nursery stairs burning unheeded.

Mr. Shaw has always taken pains to describe himself as a journalist. "Journalism," he wrote in his preface to "The Sanity of Art," "can claim to be the highest form of literature; for all the highest literature is journalism. The writer who aims at producing the platitudes which are 'not for an age, but for all time' has his reward in being unreadable in all ages." Citing Plato, Aristophanes, Shakespeare, Ibsen, and Carpaccio as artists not too haughty to avoid the journalist's vulgar obsession with the ephemeral, Mr. Shaw pointed out that this is why they are still alive when thousands of academic, punctilious, and most archeologically correct men of letters are dead.

"I also," boasted Mr. Shaw, "am a



journalist, proud of it, deliberately cutting out of my works all that is not journalism, convinced that nothing that is not journalism will live long as literature, or be of any use whilst it does live. I deal with all periods; but I never study any period but the present, which I have not yet mastered and never shall; and as a dramatist I have no clue to any historical or other personage save that part of him which is also myself, and which may be nine tenths of him or ninety-nine hundreths, as the case may be (if, indeed, I do not transcend the creature), but which, anyhow, is all that can ever come within my knowledge of his soul. The man who writes about himself and his own time is the only man who writes about all people and about all time. The other sort of man, who believes that he and his period are so distinct from all other men and periods that it would be immodest and irrelevant to allude to them or assume that they could illustrate anything but his own private circumstances, is the most infatuated of all the egotists, and consequently the most unreadable and negligible of all the authors. And so, let others cultivate what they call literature: journalism for me!"

Needless to say, a man of such

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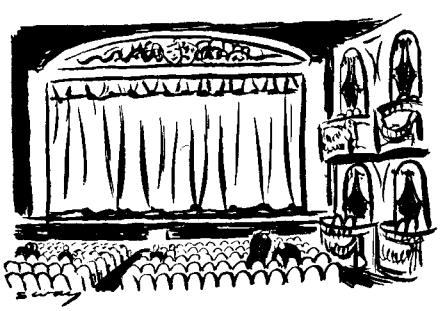
convictions is not apt to be an author with any fondness for the Marchbanks type. Marchbanks eludes Shaw, not because Shaw does not have an uncommon understanding of beauty or a mighty gift for its creation, but because the poet who is only a poet is a figure as contemptible in Mr. Shaw's mind as Greenwich Village is to a Pittsburgh magnate.

Although Mr. Shaw has written brilliantly about painting, music, sculpture, fiction, and the drama, he has never been at home in Bohemia. His heart and his art have been wedded to the Fabian Society rather than to Soho. The artists he has drawn, such, for example, as those in "Love Among the Artists," as Louis Dubedat in "The Doctor's Dilemma," and most certainly in the case of Marchbanks, have not so much quickened his sympathy as polarized his Puritanism. One has only to read his essays on Shelley, Poe, or even Dixon Scott, in "Pen Portraits and Reviews," to understand why Marchbanks is more of a fizzle than a figure.

In these essays Mr. Shaw shows



the most amazing faculty for liking all the right people for the wrong—at least the most Shavian—reasons. For instance, he admires Poe fiercely, placing him above all other American writers. He realizes that Poe's verse "sometimes alarms and puzzles the reader by fainting with its own beauty." Yet the final explanation given for Poe's preëminence is, incredibly enough, that "Poe is great because he is independent of cheap attractions, independent of sex, of patriotism, of fighting, of sentimentality, snobbery, gluttony, and all the rest of the stock-in-trade of his profession."

On the subject of Shelley as a poet—and there is a lot of Shelley in Marchbanks—Mr. Shaw is no less silent. He does not even bother to discuss his music, or to describe it as he did Shakespeare's when he accused Shakespeare of being the Verdi of the English drama. His concern is with Shelley the leveler, Shelley the vegetarian, Shelley the atheist, the anarchist, the foe of marriage, the advocate of incest—in short, Shelley the unorthodox member of society. He is not so much interested in the beauty Shelley created as he is amused by the irony of what Shelley's staid admirers had to ignore in his career when they gravely met to celebrate the centenary of his birth.

If Marchbanks had any of Shelley's convictions, if he had something of his audacity, a little of his mind, more of his maturity, or even the positive qualities of his aberrations, he would be easier both to play and to stomach. But he is presented merely as the poet, however young, and as such he lies beyond Mr. Shaw's sympathies. Mr. Shaw's dislike of him is felt even before Marchbanks is allowed to open his mouth.

He enters under a cloud. According to Mr. Shaw's specifications, "he is a strange, shy youth of eighteen, slight, effeminate, with a delicate childish voice, and a haunted, tormented expression and shrinking manner. . . . He is miserably irresolute . . . shews great nervous force . . . (is possessed of) a fiercely petulant wilfulness . . . is so entirely uncommon as to be almost unearthly. . . . His dress is anarchic. . . . There is no evidence of his ever having brushed (his clothes)."

I doubt if any heroine has ever had to make so poor a choice as Candida in the final scene. Eloquent as that scene is, and eloquent as Marchbanks himself becomes in it when he offers "My weakness! my desolation! my heart's need!," there can be no question that Candida must choose between a pompous windbag and a weak sniveler. No wonder she selects the windbag.

The most damning thing that can be said against Marlon Brando's Marchbanks is that he is the very Marchbanks Mr. Shaw had in mind. Duplicate each of Mr. Shaw's demands in his stage directions, and you have a full-length portrait of Mr. Brando's characterization. This means you have all of Marchbanks's faults stressed and none of his virtues indicated. It means, too, that you have a Marchbanks who is a caricature rather than a character. Mr. Brando's Eugene is uncomfortable to watch, and even more distressing to listen to. He seems not so much an apostle of beauty as a stray delinquent.

This is where Burgess Meredith forces his way into the picture—even after four years. His Marchbanks began where Shaw left off. He was not a travesty on the poetic temperament. Living for beauty had not made him ugly. He was manly, if not a man. Attractive, too; the perfect complement to Morell. He presented Candida with a choice which is precisely what Mr. Shaw forgot to do, though that is the point of his play.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

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The Other End of the Log

RHEES OF ROCHESTER. By John Rothwell Slater. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 304 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HAROLD W. SANFORD

A SMALL man, who couldn't be rushed. A professor of the New Testament in a New England Baptist theological seminary. He had vision, judgment, tolerance, determination. He took a small, high-minded Baptist college, improved it, and by the quality of his faithfulness in small things, had thrust upon him opportunities to add a school of music, a school of medicine, and science expansions which have made their mark in an atom-conscious world.

This was Rhees of Rochester, who once hoped George Eastman would give ten thousand dollars toward a new science building; was given five, then the whole structure. He never after asked Eastman for a cent, and in the usual sense Eastman never "gave" a cent. Eastman then, in 1903, didn't believe much in education. But the kind of education Rush Rhees planned and administered convinced him that education was the most permanent thing in the world. So he "invested" finally all he had left, after smaller educational investments elsewhere, in the University of Rochester and its future.

Others, with money and new educational plans, saw something of Rhees, heard more about what he was doing and how he was doing it, and concluded that Rochester was the right place to establish a new medical school which should emphasize prevention while not neglecting cure.

Rush Rhees, University of Rochester president from 1900 to 1935, did not visualize the music and medical school expansions. He was determined to use to their ultimate the resources and the capacities of the fifty-year-old Baptist college which he married in 1900 along with the talented and helpful daughter of Smith College President L. Clark Seelye. But when unexpected offers were made, and he was convinced they could be soundly used, he tackled the opportunities and brought them within the scope of his educational ideals. Riches did not turn his head; he was even more inquiring and thoughtful about their use after they had been promised. He sought first the Kingdom of God, which was educational soundness enriched by a broadly conceived religious essence, and as a result many things were added to him.

Fortunate is such a man, around whom a significant institution develops, to have a biographer as understanding and yet as objective as Dr. John Rothwell Slater, the university's emeritus professor of English, whose instructorship and professorship lacked only a few years at the beginning of spanning the whole thirty-five years of Rush Rhees's and Rochester University's growth.

What manner of man was this Chicago-born, Jersey-nurtured, New England-trained divine; who spent his summers building finely joined furniture in Maine; whose community leadership in Rochester made him its first citizen at his death; whose educational vision and judgment impressed men with money to invest, but not to give away?

This biography is a capable and inspired answer. "It is neither a success story nor a history of the University of Rochester. It is a study of a rather baffling personality." But "it is a biography without speculation and invention. . . . What a man thought is unknown unless he chose to say. What he did remains."

George Eastman had much to do with widening Rochester's educational capacity. But the key to his interest was Rhees. The chapters in which the relations of the two men are described are perhaps the most generally significant. Even Rochesterians who had close acquaintance with both will be interested, perhaps surprised, at the full picture now revealed.

In 1912, when Dr. Rhees's alma mater, Amherst, offered him its presidency, and he had asked whether the Rochester trustees could raise funds to increase the endowment and to establish a separate college for women, Eastman heard about it and pledged half a million if it could be matched by others. He didn't want Rhees to leave Rochester.

By 1918 George Eastman had become interested in music. It gave him rich pleasure; he wanted others to share it. He asked Rhees, "Why don't you have a school of music?" "Nothing but the best would do for either man." For Rhees, a music school worthy of the university's educational standards. For Eastman, the same plus magnificent equipment, adequate endowment. The motion picture theater which was to help support an orchestra and concerts by great artists did not work out, but citizens organized an association which annually makes up the lack, and the theater, one of the most beautiful auditoriums in America, houses the philharmonic concerts and great artist recitals, university commencements, and civic gatherings.

"Rush Rhees never asked for a medical school. The proposal came from the General Education Board early in 1920, in circumstances so unusual as to seem like chance. It was anything but that, being the deliberately calculated result of a survey of American medical schools made by Dr. Abraham Flexner years before. . . . But if there had not been a good college in Rochester, to which the General Education Board had already made large grants for college endowment, the offer would never have been made."

The Board gave $5,000,000, which Eastman matched with $4,000,000 plus the dental dispensary, which represented a million-dollar investment.

Who should head it? He had to be a leader in medical research, capable of picking first-rate men early and giving them opportunity for long productive careers. The dean of Johns Hopkins, Dr. William H. Welch, recommended Dr. George H. Whipple, his former associate, then director of the Hooper Research Foundation in California. Correspondence did not interest Whipple; Dr. and Mrs. Rhees went out to see him. He came. His ideas of medical education and research and Rhees's for Rochester joined. He chose junior department heads from Johns Hopkins as his assistants. They made good. Whipple won a Nobel prize for his contributions to the treatment of anemia. Dr. Rhees had chosen well.

So with the music school. Albert Coates recommended Howard Hanson, promising young composer at the American Academy in Rome. The history of the music school is Hanson, and its special contribution to musical development the American Composer Concerts, where young musicians hear their compositions played by full orchestra before competent critics. Students are rigidly selected for superior aptitude, and musical

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two of the extraordinary reviews of

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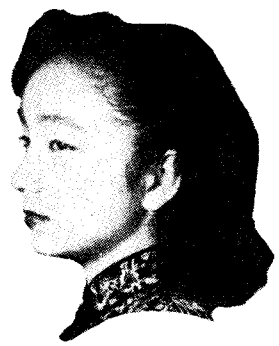

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George Eastman rebelled at naming the music school for himself, yet "Eastman" with Rochester now means music as much as it means Kodak. He would not have his name attached to any building of the medical school, or of the $10,000,000 college for men out on the River Campus. Nor did Rhees willingly consent to have his name attached to the library that dominates the Jeffersonian quadrangle.

John Finley's editorial tribute, after Rhees died in 1939, ended with these words, with which Dr. Slater's biography closes: "He was the refounder of the institution in which the liberal arts have a permanent and beauteous home, and the sciences great laboratories of research, in one of the most prosperous and comely of American cities."

For Rochester and Rochester University graduates, this biography will be a warm and lasting reminder of the "refounder." To other college presidents, though they attract no Eastman, it will be an inspiration to plot their course broadly but firmly. As the story of an episode in American education and community leadership, the biography will have significance for all who deplore both state and commercial interference with higher education. For no one dominated Rhees, nor did he dominate others. He won them by the integrity of his purpose, his refusal to compromise on essentials. As Finley said, "Equal to the church, equal to the state, so was he equal to every other man."

Spain's Perpetual Curse

WIND IN THE OLIVE TREES. Spain from the Inside. By Abel Plenn. New York: Boni & Gaer. 1946. 350 *pp.* $3.00.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

SPAIN, blessed with a beautiful land and a great people, is proverbially the nation which has been most cursed with bad government. Nepotism, corruption, graft, intolerant bigotry, and callous maladministration have, since the very dawn of modern times, blighted that country almost uninterruptedly. Yet there was vigor enough left in the Spanish people twice within the past eighty years to make an attempt at freeing themselves from the yoke they have carried. The emblem of Franco's Falange bas borrowed the ancient sign—the yoke—from the joint seal of Ferdinand and Isabella. Whatever its heraldic meaning may have been in those times, it is an appropriate symbol of present-day Spain; the malcontents—from eighty-five to ninety-five per cent, as Mr. Plenn contends, of the population—sometimes also call it "El Cangrejo," "the crab": it moves backwards.

Mr. Plenn was attached to the United States embassy in Madrid as chief of propaganda analysis. The report he now gives in this passionately written and well-informed book is one continuous indictment of Francisco Franco. The defeat of his Axis friends has hardly changed the Caudillo's tactics. It surely has not changed his views. The trinity which brought his régime into power—big business (Juan March), the colonial officers, and the clergy (together with its aristocratic hangers-on)—are still behind him.

Mass imprisonments, wholesale executions without trial and often even without any charge, minute police supervision of every single citizen, appalling economic and labor conditions (the black market is entirely in the hands of the reigning racketeers), the burden of an enormous standing army—these are some of the facets which the hapless country presented to Mr. Plenn. He talked with government men and party members himself, and apparently managed to listen to their lies without voicing his indignation. But he also talked to scores of simple folk and came to admire their undaunted, unbroken spirit. The martyrs of the Civil War have become maquis. Scattered still, those underground workers even publish a newspaper, *Reconquista de España.* One of their first acts was the assassination of the police commissioner of Granada.

Admirers of the philosopher Miguel de Unanumo, whose political vicissitudes were a matter of much controversy on this side of the Atlantic, will be greatly moved by Mr. Plenn's report on the famous Nationalist Salamanca meeting. Unanumo attended shortly before his death. Challenged and bellowed at, he only said, "Ye will conquer but not convince." This was in 1937. According to this book, Unanumo was right.

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No Punches Pulled

I'VE GOT MINE. By Richard Hubler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1946. 216 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by PFC. ARTHUR C. FIELDS

THE technique of jungle fighting is a subject that has not been completely developed by most writers of current war fiction. Books have been written, it is true, about the Pacific campaigns and the evils that were encountered there; but, for the most part, the hows and whys of killing our Japanese enemies have been left to the intricacies of Army and Navy field manuals.

A notable exception to this rule is "I've Got Mine." Written by a man who obviously knows the ropes, it packs years of combat lessons into three days of a Marine raid. Because Captain Hubler, the author, knows basically what he is writing about, he spares no one's feelings in telling his tale.

Assigned to the role of a diversionary force, a small group of Marine raiders attack the island of Choiseul in the hope that the Japanese will withdraw their troops from Bougainville to meet the onslaught. "I've Got Mine" is the saga of this daring action; in particular, it is the story of three of the raiders who are given the assignment of rescuing a French planter who has vital information on the mine fields laid by the Japanese.

What they run up against is full of all the thrill and danger of a giant-sized man-hunt. The three men grope slowly and painstakingly through the jungle, continually pitting their skill against that of the Japanese.

The most important contribution of this book lies in its portrayal of the effects of this type of warfare on the individuals involved. Most of our returned Pacific veterans can set down exciting descriptions of the experiences they encountered; they can even give a lucid description of the methods they used to win the war. But when they are questioned on the impact all this had on them, they instantly become vague and sketchy.

Captain Hubler's is not a pretty picture, but unfortunately it is a true one—one that had to be faced every day by our Pacific soldiers. It is a good thing that someone has finally told the story.

What does a life like that do to a man? How can he be expected to reconvert to a pattern of peaceful living—an existence that is not continually fraught with danger? Captain Hubler believes they can; he has faith in these men.

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By JIM CORBETT

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—Sterling North, *Chicago Sun*

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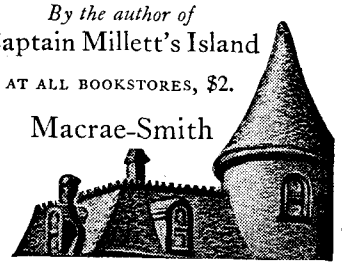

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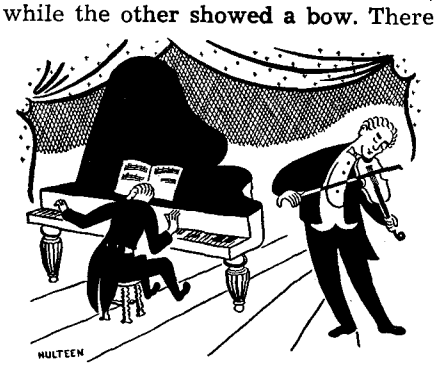
HEARING THINGS

PAGANINI

SEPTEMBER 14 is always a solemn day in the church of Santa Croce in Lucca. Mass is celebrated with unusual splendor, and some famous musician is generally invited to give a short recital during the service. On one of these occasions, a violinist from Genoa was requested to appear in the *musica*, the church concert. The court, with all its dignitaries, civil and military, as well as the clergy led by the aged archbishop, assembled in the great church. The artist was requested to play dignified music which should last from five to ten minutes. The music began quite seriously but soon changed into peculiar sounds, and the august assembly was treated to a diabolical parody of the *concerto da chiesa*. For a few minutes the congregation was deceived by sounds that imitated the flute, the trumpet, and other orchestral instruments, but as the violinist warmed up he gave a good imitation of birds and various other creatures. The "concert" lasted for half an hour and evoked great indignation.

Still, this "Jacobin of Genoa," as Paganini was called, was the most celebrated artist of the early part of the nineteenth century, and one wonders why he insulted such a distinguished audience. The whole continent was at his feet. The windows of merchants displayed cravats with his image and walking canes with his carved likeness; the jewelers sold snuff boxes and rings adorned with his portrait; the bakers baked rolls in the shape of violins. His features stared from the backs of playing cards and his vulture-like nose could be seen on the wrapping of candies. Women wore their coiffures à la Paganini and donned gloves, one of which was embroidered with a violin, while the other showed a bow. There were Paganini pipes, Paganini ribbons, Paganini boxes with concealed buttons which, when chanced upon, opened the top, disclosing lascivious pictures no doubt inspired by the many famous affairs of the long-haired violinist. Not only was the public overwhelmed by his incredible virtuosity, but royalty showered him with gifts and titles. All this made no impression on the capricious fiddler, and he seldom missed an opportunty to bait his best friends and patrons.



Napoleon's sister Elisa, Grand Duchess of Lucca, loved brilliant court festivals. She was also very fond of interesting looking men of all ages. Whenever she discovered a likely candidate she gave him a splendid uniform and exhibited him at court. These uniforms caused grave concern to the uninitiated. According to contemporary chroniclers, the proud possessor of white buckskin trousers had to soak them in water, whereupon they became elastic and expanded. Then the courtier put them on and waited until drying caused the trousers to shrink to their original dimensions and adhere closely to the body. The next step was to powder them with chalk, and the brilliant officer of the Guards was ready for the ball.

The eccentric violinist from Genoa found his way into this company in the capacity of court musician and captain of the Royal Bodyguard, and was ordered to appear at the court ball, where he was supposed to play. The complicated procedure of donning the fascinating uniform must have annoyed him, so he devised one of his own imagination. He wore a multicolored jacket over a vest made of brocade, white silk knee-breeches with white stockings and big boots. His breast was resplendent with decorations, but in addition he wore bells and chains, little silver gadgets, amulets, medallions, brooches, and a pair of metal brassières such as are worn by dancers. The whole accoutrement tinkled at every step. The height of the situation was reached when the violinist began to play. He improvised a composition in the Turkish military music style in which all the clatter and noise of his metallic ornaments played an integral part. It is

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no wonder that people began to suspect that this enigmatic musician had sold his soul to the devil. On the occasion of his London visit he was considerably annoyed by people who insisted on touching him to see if he were really flesh and blood.

When his end was nearing Father Caffarelli was hurriedly called to his bedside. The clergyman found Paganini writhing with pain and looking at him with distorted features. The good abbé, not unmindful of the Faustian legend, watched him with horror; however, his duty was to save a lost soul, so he admonished the dying man to forget about his infernal music and dedicate his last minutes to the contemplation of God. A man had dared to insult his art! Paganini turned his back to the clergyman and died a few hours later. The reprimanded servant of God, when filling out the death certificate, eradicated, with several energetic strokes of his pen, the printed words ". . . and received the holy absolution."

If Paganini's life was a continuous series of odd acts, his lifeless body went through even more vicissitudes. The Church refused to have anything to do with the arch blasphemist. He died in May 1840, but in September his coffin was still in the same room in Nice where he had died; he could not be buried in consecrated soil. The body traveled all over France and Italy, but the Church was inexorable and no one dared to give quarter to the strange musician even in death. Finally, the Grand Duchess of Parma, Marie Louise, had him buried on her own responsibility. This charitable lady knew from her own experiences what it meant to be at odds with the Church, and she felt that the man who in his lifetime had amused her with his music deserved her pity and care in his posthumous misery.

Thus came to rest one of the most eccentric figures in the history of the arts. Continuously harassed by jealous husbands, he had fantastic escapades which would put Casanova to shame, and although he earned fabulous sums and died a millionaire, he often sat in the box office supervising the sale of tickets, so strong was his avariciousness. Yet this paradoxical creature played the violin as no human being could before or after. But—says Sir Thomas More—"he abuses his powers; he *could* play divinely, and *does* so sometimes; but then come his tricks and surprises, his bow in convulsions, and his harmonics like mewlings of an expiring cat." Indeed, when he was not possessed by his demon he played his Guarnerius with the most subtle and exquisite tone, expressing tenderness and poetry, but he could also imitate the laughter of Satan so effectively that he was taken to be one of his creatures.

PAUL HENRY LANG.

The Family Face

By John Holmes

THE children on the floor
In corduroy and green
Tumble the blocks once more
To try what laws mean.

I learned all that last year.
Or was it so long ago
The three boys playing here
Forget what I know?

One of the men is mine
And two my brother's sons.
They work, shout, shine,
As he and I did once.

They build too tall too fast,
And none of them sees how
It can only fall and waste.
They want it now, now.

They work with all the lack,
The love, and all the length
Of what we gave them back
From what we got for strength.

They use our shape of the head,
Our hands for grip and grace,
And what we built and bred,
The face, the family face.

RUMER GODDEN

author of
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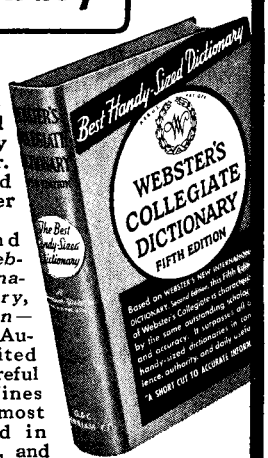

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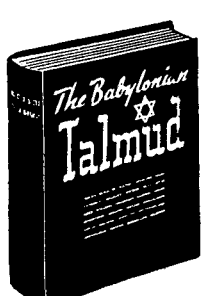

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Home from the Wars

WHAT WAY MY JOURNEY LIES. By Frank Fenton. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 1946. 243 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PIERCE ROBERTS

ON THE minds of soldiers returning from the trenches of World War I, whatever their preoccupation otherwise, there was one thought: don't let it happen again! To be sure, that immediate reaction deteriorated, and the thought was lost sight of; to recount its vicissitudes would amount to writing the history of our generation. But exactly in glancing back at its mistakes and its sins, one realizes the extra-personal, idealistic sentiment which for a fleeting moment—a few months, a year perhaps—existed among the survivors of that war. There seems to be little of it this time—provided fiction written by young people about themselves may be regarded as a valid yardstick of their feelings.

The veteran of World War II has come to be presented in fiction as a maladjusted neurotic bewailing his own fits of cynicism, as a man impressed by a melancholy sense of the futility of life in general and the job he has done in particular, and as a problem child dangling between the memory of blood-stained foreign roads and the fear of lasting impermanence lurking for him in an unattractive future.

John Norman, the protagonist of the present novel—which is very readable throughout—falls not for an inch short of that pattern. He meets the girl of his friend who got killed and has left him, besides the keys to his bungalow, a legacy of unsolved philosophical problems. John and Carol make love the second night after they have met, and then spend a week together. The gay abandonment of that spree—Carol leaves California and goes east to do her writing—leaves John in the lowest of spirits. In his boarding house he runs into Mary Carmer, a teacher. Reduced to its essentials, the rest of the novel is made up by that love story. The heroine is a likable figure—almost too much so to be quite credible. The misanthropic talk of another of the rooming house tenants, a Socialist worker, fails to blight John's growing attachment to Mary. Soon he sees "where his journey lies."

In short, the sad, nihilistic philosopher of the opening chapters proves to be as cleancut and nice a young man as any lending library can ask for as the hero of a book. The long intellectual musings on the senselessness of all values—is that "existencialism"?—do not really belong to the real John Norman. There is nothing to say against reformed cynics. But in fiction their initial cynicism should not be presented with so much deadly earnestness.

Let me say again that this is a very readable book. Despite its lack of humor it is one of the best of its genre. There is the story of an old landlady's death in it which shows Mr. Fenton as a writer of genuine warmth, obvious sincerity, and disciplined talent.

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This Way to the Big Show

THE CANVAS SKY. By David Liebovitz. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 439 pp. $3.

Reviewed by JAMES P. WOOD

CLOWNS, acrobats, aerialists, freaks, high-wire walkers, equestriennes, barkers — one expects them and all their companions in a novel of the circus. One looks, too, for the brassy gaudiness, the flashing glamor, the thrills, the crowd excitement, and the whole extravagant and artful splendor of the big show. It's all in "The Canvas Sky," a full, rich, and varied novel in which the author tries to communicate to his readers everything that the circus is, what it means to its performers and can signify to its spectators.

Craig Johnson had been captain of his college gym team. Job-hunting in Philadelphia in 1921, he walked into a cheap restaurant and was hailed by Long John (Double T) Whittaker, ringmaster and owner of The Plain Yankee Road Show and himself a bird wizard. This eccentric, idealist, dreamer, and great practical showman took Craig first into the street where he set up his small velvet-covered stand. From his pocket he called Angel, Airy, Wildspice, and his other golden birds. They fluttered around his head, ran up and down tiny ladders, beat on tiny drums.

Later he took Craig to the huge old barn on a Philadelphia alley where his Plain Yankee Show, broke, the performers cold and angry, was in winter quarters. There the real story of Craig Johnson's life with the circus and of the life of the circus itself begins. It covers the next twenty years of his life as a performer, the lives of scores of other people, the successes and failures of Long John's show.

The first circus girl with whom Craig fell in love was Estelle, great-eyed, sulky, gypsy-like rider. It was Patsy, brave, beautiful-bodied, skillful performer, born in the circus tradition, who became his first partner. Kolm, fabulous performer and queen of the circus, dims them all. Crowds of circus folk pour into Craig's narrative: Tommy Tim and Jerry, Mad Ruby, ancient Pinky, Clix, Jeremy, who called himself "The Noblest Roman of Them All," but whose real name was J. Foster Bumstead, the Jollys, Johnny Lowlow, Hickerson, Mrs. Mapleson. Each is a character in his own right and a character in the show. Clowns and aerialists predominate, for it is naturally those who work on the flying trapeze and John o'Dreams who fascinate Craig.

"The Canvas Sky" is a story that covers years of danger, triumphs, accidents, deaths, fights, as the red wagons roll and the great tents are pitched this season in Newcastle, Hagerstown, Frederick, Steubenville, Greensburg, McKeesport, Lancaster; then down through the South or into the Middle West or up into New England to play in New Haven, Bridgeport, Danbury, Pittsfield, Salem, Gloucester, Portland.

The language of "The Canvas Sky" is a queer but effective blending of the simple and the rhetorical, with a leavening of circus jargon skillfully and happily used. It changes as the story rises from simple narrative to full-colored descriptions of great spectacles; changes again when the novelist, through Craig Johnson, attempts intellectual conception of the circus or a performer's realization of the esthetic significance of his artistry and his emotions about his work and his circus life. It is perhaps unlikely that many of these performers would have what amounts to philosophic understanding of their parts or the intellectual's language in which to clothe it. The incongruity does not offend. It adds new quality to this full-bodied and colorful circus narrative.

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ALBANY, N. Y.

Institute of History and Art: 11th Annual Exhibit, Artists of the Upper Hudson, to June 2.

ANDOVER, MASS.

Addison Gallery of American Art. Arthur C. Goodwin, to May 20.

AUBURN, N. Y.

Cayuga Museum: Children's Art—Saturday Morning Art Class; Historical Exhibit, The Art of Egypt; Health Exhibit, A.M.A. Cancer, all, through May.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Museum of Art: Musical Instruments and their Portrayal in Art, to June 2; European Expressionist Prints, Paintings by Iver Rose, to May 5; American Indian Art, to May 19.
Walters Art Gallery: Early Copies of the Old Masters, to June 16.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Museum: Alabama Art League Circuit Show, through May.

BLOOMFIELD HILLS, MICH.

Cranbrook Academy: Variety in Abstraction, to May 5; Prints by Paul Klee (Museum of Modern Art), through May 24; Annual Student Exhibition, organized by the Cranbrook Academy of Art, through May and June.

BOSTON, MASS.

Museum of Fine Arts: Museum School, Sculpture by Ahron Ben-Shmuel to May 12; Museum Drawing Classes, May 9-23; Drawings by Francis Dahl and Gluyas Williams, May 29-Sept. 1.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Albright Art Gallery: Eighty New Paintings, from Private Collections and New York Dealers, Buffalo Photographic Guild Annual, to May 5; Buffalo Print Club Annual Show, May 8-22; Abbott Collection of 107 Paintings of Amphibious Operations, May 10-26; Buffalo Society of Artists' Water Color Show, May 26-June19.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Fogg Museum of Art: Paintings and Drawings of the Pre-Raphaelites and their Circle, Between the Empires: Three Romantic Painters—Delacroix, Géricault, Chassériau, through June 1.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Art Institute: 50th Annual, Artists of Chicago and Vicinity, to May 12; Art Director's Club, to May 27; Raymond Katz and Irving Kriesberg, Rare Drawings Old and New, American Rooms in Miniature, Looking at Sculpture, through May.
Associated American Artists: Francis Chapin, through May 15.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Museum of Art: Lithographs of Toulouse Lautrec, through May 5; Work by Members' Children, through May 19; Seasons in Flowers & Fruits, through May 31; 28th Annual Exhibition of Work by Cleveland Artists and Craftsmen, through June 9; Serigraphs, May 21 through June 9.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

Fine Arts Center: Old Masters, Fedrico Canter, Built in U. S. A., and So You're Going to Build a House (Museum of Modern Art), through May.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

University of S. C. Library: Paintings by Miss Julia Tolbert, and by Miss Alise Gyles, through May 18; Water colors of South Carolina Birds by Edward S. Dingle, May 19 through June 1.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

Municipal Art Gallery: Your Doctor Speaks (Upjohn Co. and Midtown Galleries), through May.

HARTFORD, CONN.

Wadsworth Atheneum: Modern Drawings from the Museum Collection, through May 5; Costume Exhibit from the Museum Collection, through June 2; Exhibition of Eight Syracuse Water Colorists, through May; Exhibition of Chinese Sculpture loaned by Ellis Monroe and Jan Kleijkamp, May 7 through June 8.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

William Rockhill Nelson Gallery: Paintings of Army Medicine from the Abbott Collection, Etchings by James McNeil Whistler, lent from the Harris Whittimore Collection, English Lustre Ware from the Burnap Collection, 19th and 20th Century French Drawings, all, through May.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

J. B. Speed Memorial Museum: Eighty Pictures by Lyonel Feininger (Museum of Modern Art), to May 15.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Brooks Memorial Art Gallery: Prewar French School of Painting, to May 7; Ancient Peruvian Textiles, May 6-26; Cotton Carnival Exhibition, May 12-June 3.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Art Institute: 33rd Annual Exhibit of Wisconsin Art, to May 19.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Institute of Arts: American Historical Paintings, May 4-June 3; Europe, 1945. Paintings by Syd Fossum, May 10-June 10.
University Gallery: 12th Annual Student Show, to May 31; Academic Dress, to June 20.
Walker Art Center: Water Color—U. S. A., to May 8; Furniture and Fabrics, to May 19; Paintings by June Corwin, May 5-June 2.

MONMOUTH, ILL.

Monmouth College: Handmade Jewelry by Johanna Van Ryn and other Artists, through May.

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MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Art Museum: Children's Art Class Exhibition, through May 12; Paintings by George Inness, Prints by Philip Kappel, May 19-June 23.

NEWARK, N. J.

Artists of Today Gallery: Lu Belmont, through May 4; Gail Trowbridge, May 6-18; Samuel Sylvester Stewart, May 20 through June 1.
Museum: French and American Paintings from the Metropolitan Museum of Art; Figureheads and Carvings from American Clipper Ships (Index of American Design), to May 15; Science Department — The atomic bomb.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Delgado Museum: Faces and Figures and Objects as Subjects (Museum of Modern Art), to May 9; Southern States Art League, The Arts in Therapy (Museum of Modern Art), May 10-31.

NEW YORK CITY

A. C. A. Gallery, 63 E. 57 St.: Evergood, through May 11.
An American Place, 509 Madison Ave.: Arthur G. Dove, to July 1.
Argent Galleries, 42 W. 57 St.: Pastels and watercolors by Elsbeth Comstock and Rhoda Low, to May 4.
Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave.: Wally Smith and W. R. Fitzpatrick, to May 11; Sculpture by Gwen Lux and paintings by John McCrady, May 13-June 1; Paintings by Lionel Reiss, May 27-June 12.
Babcock Galleries, 38 E. 57 St.: Drawings by Sol Wilson, to May 11; Water colors by Don Yacoe, May 13-29.
Bignou Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Arbit Blatas, to May 4.
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway: Inness, through May 12; 30th Annual Exhibition of the Brooklyn Society of Artists, through May 26; Woodcuts by Antonio Frasconi of Uruguay, through June 9.
Buchholz Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Max Beckmann, to May 18.
Downtown Gallery, 43 E. 51 St.: Paintings by Wesley Lea, to May 4.
Durand-Ruel Galleries, 12 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Manfred Schwartz, May 6-25.
Durlacher Brothers, 11 E. 57 St.: Paintings and drawings by William Fett, to May 4; Old and Modern Paintings and Drawings, May 20 through July 31.
Feigl Gallery, 601 Madison Ave.; Recent Compositions by Emanuel Romano, through May 11; Modern American and European Paintings, May 15-June 15.
International Galleries, Rockefeller Center: Exhibition of the Society of Illustrators, to May 20.
Kleemann Galleries, 65 E. 57 St.: Modern Prints, to May 31.
Knoedler and Co., 14 E. 57 St.: The Lee Family of Stratford and their Contemporaries, through May 18.
Kootz Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: Modern American Paintings from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Roy R. Neuberger.
Julien Levy Gallery, 42 E. 57 St.: Arshile Gorky, through May 4.
Pierre Matisse Gallery, 41 E. 57 St.: Matta, through May 4.
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82 St.: The Helena Woolworth McCann Collection of Chinese Lowestoft, Masterpieces from the Department of Prints, The Taste of the Seventies, European Drawings, to be continued; Swedish and Danish Decorative Arts, through May 31; Paintings of the Army Air Forces, May 10-30; Reinstallation of the Medieval Collection, opening May 24. Junior Museum—Circus Parade, Paul Revere, to be continued.
Midtown Galleries, 605 Madison Ave.: Paintings by William Thon, through May 11.
Morgan Library, 29 E. 36 St.: Sports and Pastimes, through May 31.
Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104 St.: Dressing for the Ball, through May.
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 St.: Arts of the South Seas, to May 19; Original Illustrations for Children's Books, through June 2; Marc Chagall, through June 16; Modern China, Smith College Competition Drawings, continuing: Fifteen Americans, from May 15.
New-Age Gallery, 138 W. 15 St.: Group Show, through May 4.
New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West: 95th Anniversary of the Death of John J. Audubon, water colors, oils, and prints, to July 14.
Nierendorf Gallery, 53 E. 57 St.: Josef Scharl, to May 18.
Niveau Gallery, 63 E. 57 St.: Modern French Paintings, May 4-31.
Perls Galleries, 32 E. 58 St.: Spring Group Show, May 6-31.
Bertha Schaefer Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Flowers by Moderns, to May 10; Water Colors and Temperas by Modern Americans, through May.
Wildenstein and Co., 19 E. 64 St.: Gauguin, to May 4; French 17th Century Painting to aid in the Reconstruction of the University Library at Caen, May 8-June 1.

OBERLIN, OHIO

Allen Memorial Art Museum, Oberlin College: The Arts in America in the Eighteenth Century, to June 3.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Fine Arts Center: Annual West Virginia Regional Show, to May 5.

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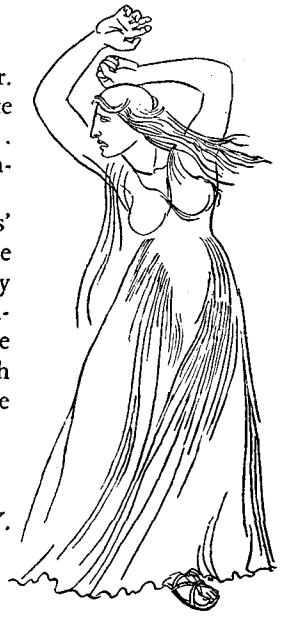

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Art Alliance: Stained Glass by Harold W. Rambusch and Joep Nicholas, Contemporary Sculpture, Pennsylvania Guild of Craftsmen, Philadelphia Book Show, Jewelry by Margaret Craver, to May 5; Industrial Design by Belle Kogan, to May 17; Gouaches and Black and Whites by Edward Stevens, Weavings by Robert Harnden and Roger Millen, Water colors and Drawings by Six Cuban Painters, May 7-June 2; Industrial Design by J. Gordon Lippincott, May 20-June 21.
Museum of Art: Corot, May 11-June 16.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Carnegie Institute: Sculpture by Janet de Coux, Memorial Exhibition of the works of Wassily Kandinsky, to May 12; Memorial Exhibition of Paintings by William Henry Singer, Jr., to May 26.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Berkshire Museum: Paintings by Berkshire Museum Adult Art Class under Stuart C. Henry, Director, 2nd Annual Conservation Exhibition by Children of Berkshire County, to May 31.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Art Museum: Photographs by Paul Strand, Work of Portland Veterans of World War II, to May 24; Paintings by Charles Voorhies, Oregon Guild of Painters and Sculptors, Old Master Drawings, lent from the Collection of LeRoy Backus, to May 31.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Museum of Art, School of Design: Modern Art in Advertising (Container Corporation of America), Drawings, American Paintings and Water colors from the Permanent Collection, May 5-26.
Providence Art Club: Paintings by Antonio Cirino, to May 5.

SAINT LOUIS, MO.

City Art Museum: European Rooms in Miniature, through June 9.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Fine Arts Gallery: Paintings and Drawings by James Egleson, Red Cross Arts and Skills Corps Examples, San Diego Scene, paintings, Art Guild, through May.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

California Palace of the Legion of Honor: Charles Howard, to June 24.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Art Museum: 6th Annual Exhibition of Northwest Watercolor Society, Paintings by Maud Kerns, Paintings by Gladys and Floyd Davis (*Time*), History of American Watercolor Painting, Watercolors by Seattle High School Students, May 9-June 3.

SOUTH HADLEY, MASS.

Dwight Art Memorial Gallery, Mount Holyoke College: Sculpture by Mount Holyoke Alumnae, May 4-June 3.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Museum of Fine Arts: Five Centuries of Ballet (George Chaffee Collection of Ballet Art), through May 5; International Photography Salon (Syracuse Camera Club), Daubers' Club, Syracuse Printmakers, May 6 through 31.

UTICA, N. Y.

Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute: Paintings by Edward Christiana, Figure with Cello by Zadkine (Mortimer Brandt Gallery, N. Y.), Work of High School Students of Merrill Bailey, Cazenovia Central School, Etchings from Collection of Gilbert Butler, Prints by Members of Utica Camera Club, Weaving and Early American Weaving Implements from the Collection of Mrs. Carroll A. Edsall, all, through May.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Arts Cub: Paintings in Oil and Water Color by Nina K. Griffin and Dr. Florence Everhart, through May 17.
Corcoran Gallery: 13th Annual Exhibition of the Miniature Society of Painters, Sculptors, and Gravers of Washington, D. C., through May 5; Annual Exhibition of the Landscape Club of Washington, D. C., through May 14; Original Illustrations by William Glackens, May 8 through 26; Memorial Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings by N. C. Wyeth, May 19 through June 9.
National Gallery: Prints by Hogarth and Rowlandson from the Rosenwald collection, through May 5.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Art Museum: Public School Exhibition, May 5 through 14; The Woodward Collection of Cruikshankiana, through June 2.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Butler Art Institute: Walt Dehner, to May 12; Junior League Biennial Ceramic Exhibition, to May 19; Spring Salon, to June 16; De Hirsh Margules, May 17-June 16.

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(*Continued from page 7*)

man from succumbing to the temptation to tyrannize, save only his becoming more of a man.

This means that principles exist for persons, not persons for principles. Or, if you will have the ABC's, it means that the final principle is that persons count for more than do abstractions. Principles are things that men die for, whereas men live mostly for others and for themselves. What is worth living for does not have to be died for, and what men die for does not ordinarily seem worth living for. Paradoxical as this sounds, it calls attention to a commonplace in the American Constitution: that (in the Bill of Rights) persons are made to substitute for principles and as such are promoted beyond the reach of fanatics (devotees to abstractions) and beyond the reach of politicians (maneuverers of means). "Congress shall make no law. . . ." Our supreme law is that *there shall be no law* as touching the immunity of man's person or the sacredness of his private beliefs.

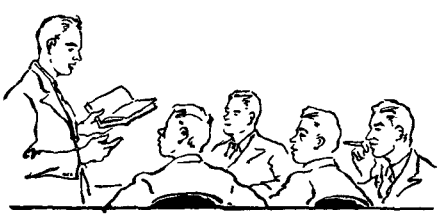
All this I was able to say to the prisoners in a rapid give-and-take—all this and more. For the crux of the matter is yet to state. It is the same whether one put it as a principle of politics or as the etiquette of interpersonal relations. In the first instance, the *interpretation* of the principle substitutes for the principle; and that means *somebody*. But *who?* Whose principle, or whose interpretation of a common principle? In the second instance, who's who?—and how determine who shall be above whom? The problem to which democracy is a solution—and it is the problem of all collective life—is: *who is to rule?—and by what right?*

No German now needs to be convinced that "all power tends to corrupt and that absolute power tends to corrupt absolutely." What each German needs to be shown, however, is how his negative conviction on this sore point can be turned to positive account. "If Nietzsche was right in glorifying the 'superman,'" said I, looking at my Prussian student, "and Nietzsche's was certainly one way of putting the matter," I admitted, "then you either doom yourselves to become the nobodies that Nazism made you for the maw of the superman or you will see that *all* men must be counted as candidates for the superman status.

"Would that your supermen could have seen how superhuman is the task of creating a democratic government, in which nobodies could have become somebodies," said I, echoing for their pride a remark which they identified as coming from one of their own number whom the War Department permitted to make an uncensored speech on a national broadcast from the *Herald Tribune* Forum in New York. "For that, gentlemen, is what democracy is all about," I continued. "Democracy is a device of convenience (majority rule) which treats all men as equal to begin with so as to find out, to end with, in what many men are unequal and to determine in what manner such talents as each has may by acquiescence be turned to the account of all, without denying the dignity of any or offending the sense of legitmacy of all. Men cannot and do not complain at inequality," I concluded this section, "after they have had a fair chance to develop and to make effective their own powers."

TO their constantly recurring fear that majority rule is unworthy, because it is a convenient artificiality rather than an "absolute" principle, I addressed my parting shot for the morning: "Principles achieve their sacredness not from their eternality or absoluteness but from their service to men in time. Majority rule begins as a device of convenience but ends as being more sacred than any eternal absolute which dooms men to indignity and makes an empire that was to last a thousand years into the momentary twinkling of a wicked eye."

The hour being up, I was asked by a prisoner to summarize the way we had come in the discussion, which I did in some such terms as these, working backward: "Legitimacy is a group product. Men will not feel right in supporting a regime that continues to outrage them. Majority rule is the only way mankind has found to give perpetuity to the feeling of legitimacy and so continuity to political loyalty. Principles are dangerous that do not rest upon this understanding. No abstract principles can save us from anything. Any principle may be used to destroy us. Only men who respect men can save mankind. Given this understanding of the sacredness of persons, all of them, principles will then grow to fit the feeling; and, what is more important, there will grow also the tolerance to adjust different 'absolutes' through the give-and-take of discussion."



A final word of caution: "The way is long," I said, "and the light is often uncertain. Watch your steps, for you are risking your lives, and our lives."

Let it not be supposed that they took all this unquestioningly or that any conclusion was reached save through not infrequent contradiction. Nor let it be supposed that they were too happy about it all, or I. But what left me most unhappy was what disturbed them the more deeply the more they approached democratic convictions: how all or much of this could be applied to Germany. Upon this point we said little, and said that little with reticence. Democracy is a tradition or it is nothing. Traditions take time. Cultures are not transplanted bodily from one environment

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to another. All that we could do, all that we tried to do, was to disclose to them the precipitates of our long experience and to give them confidence in themselves to face a wrecked world resolutely—to make of it whatever they could.

In this modest endeavor we knew that what we were would impress them more than what we said. In the commencement exercises of each class, our School Commandant, Col. Alpheus W. Smith, himself a statesman of the spirit, managed to raise to a solemn overtone what had been the moving undertone of all our efforts to practice democracy while preaching it. He spoke, with variations, in some such manner as this: "You are not alone. Men of good will the world over will join us, your teachers, in surrounding you with a cloud of witnesses solicitous over your failures, exultant over your successes. Accept and commemorate the knowledge of this companionship. Die, if die you must, in the company of your peers. For in truth you are not alone. You will never be alone."

If I have made clear at all the spirit of this now historic enterprise (for the qualitative phase of it is now closed), I need hardly remark that the unhappiness my colleagues and I felt over our performance grew more poignant the deeper the sense of significance we discerned in what we were doing. Ours was the fearful opportunity of helping to create some of the creators of whatever new German state there is to be. The man is hardly worthy of that divine honor who does not tremble at having to share a responsibility which modest men would gladly leave to the gods. But with discouragement over our best efforts went high enthusiasm for the quest, an enthusiasm felt by every member of our gallant staff.

It was in fact my own enthusiasm, with discouragement over my inadequacy in meeting that very day's opportunity, which had sent me that night in the prisoner-compound to speak to my German assistant and to muse as I walked. It was in the walking that I had come upon the dozen silhouettes silent against the setting sun.

Or, come to think of it, *was* it sunset? Gloaming and dawning can be alike ruddy.

I left the compound, at any rate with the glory of this good earth in my eyes, a hope for mankind at my heart, and a question of prophetic fact in my mind. The question had to do with sunsets and sunrises, with precisely that. Benjamin Franklin often asked himself the same question, as throughout the long wrangles of our own Constitutional Convention he looked at a cosmic landscape pictured behind George Washington, the chairman. At the close of the convention, Franklin told the story and publicly resolved his doubt. He saw now, he said, looking more closely in better light, he saw that the landscape was not of a sunset.

It was, said he, a sunrise.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE LITTLE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE *Mildred Gordon* (Crime Club: $2.)	Initial cadaver in car-trunk and further fatalities make others feverish for Arizona gal deppity-sheriff and others.	Western background, atmospheric characters and plentiful action partly make up for incomplete opacity of puzzle.	Average
BUILD MY GALLOWS HIGH *Geoffrey Homes* (Morrow: $2.50)	Ex-detective with gore on hands tries to escape past but it catches up with him—guns, knives, wicked gals and all.	Thumping good blood-letter for those who like tough types doing their stuff against variety of colorful American backgrounds.	Bang, Bang!
DENVER MURDERS *Editor—Lee Casey* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce: $2.75)	Eight authors write about sundry factual slaying in and around Colorado metropolis.	All articles are interesting, but terminal "Spider Man" is pretty much best of grim, gory and occasionally amusing collection.	Good

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		REMARKS
	Balance *Realism*	*Surface*	
STRAVINSKY, SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE (Chant du Rossignol) Cincinnati Symphony, Goossens Victor M 1041 (3) $3.75	High reverberation but doesn't interfere; gives sense of perspective solos good.	B+	Companion pieces, two important early works from same period. Pre-War I lush barbarism. Both recordings long needed. Stravinsky suggests *Petrouchka* with Chinese slant; transparent orchestration, good on records. Prokofieff is dissonant, somewhat turgid, with modern rhythmic insistence. Performance in both is good; credit to our growing 2nd-line orchestras.
PROKOFIEFF, SCYTHIAN SUITE Chicago Symphony Defauw Victor M 1040 (3) $3.75	Music densely scored and loud; good job under difficult conditions.	A—	
GROFE, GRAND CANYON SUITE Toscanini, NBC Symphony Victor M 1038 (4) $4.75	Brilliant recording; superior to all earlier.	A—	Interesting comparison: Toscanini version is censored—jazz instruments (saxophone, trumpet) have been removed. Should Grofe be classicized? NBC cloudburst is certainly the best.
Earlier version: Andre Kostelanetz & his Orchestra Columbia M 463 (4) $4.75	Good solo reproduction, but ensemble not as brilliant as Toscanini version.	B+	

WITH the removal of OPA price ceilings a good many of us have been expecting the worst, momentarily. People are ready to buy anything on sight these days price unasked, and the temptation to cash in is as great in this field as anywhere else. The present democratic low-price policy (remember) began only a few years before the war when Columbia and Victor cut prices in half from the long-established luxury level of two dollars per record. To date of writing, remarkably enough, common sense has prevailed: no increase at all, except in the minor area of the album, which now costs seventy-five cents instead of fifty cents. What with the often excellent art work involved and the increasingly useful printed material included, the new albums are worth six bits and more. Touch wood.

What is most needed now is a stabilization of standard record prices (we still are expecting bad news) on the democratic level, plus a steady reduction in the price of plastics. As soon as supplies of plastic are available we hope that the present aura of luxury is dispensed with (we have no interest in paying for the artist's signature enlarged in gold foil), because plastics are too important to be kept in the choosy field longer than necessary.

And meanwhile, protest vigorously if record prices start up. Recorded music is no luxury for the idle rich in these times.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

Waterfront Cafe

By John Frederick Nims

The candles shine in bottles rough with wax
No other light in the long cross-timbered room
With gear of voyage cumbered: oars on racks
And seines and anchors tangle in the gloom.
No other light, except the orchid panes
Dripping and crowded with the twilit ocean;
No sound except the tide like many rains;
Except the sea and pivoting wick, no motion.

Fonder of smiles than phrases, the dark girls
Carry in steam the good tureens of chowder,
In corners where they walk the candle swirls;
The tides of pleasure rock and echo louder:
Murmur of gesturing sailor and his date
Or chiming of silver on the careless plate.

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the Phoenix Nest

APIARY

You have seen them swarm.
And now it is spring again
And the weather is warm,
In metal towers of the town with puny trees.
Buzz the bees.

In this particular hive
They have come alive
From hibernation. Melody pell-mell
Tumbles from talking-boxes in every cell.

They have cast the casements wide.
You can see the things inside.
You can easily hear
Chaff, laughter, jeer,
Love-making, shrill love-quarrel,
And then you wonder why bees aren't more immoral.

And overseas
More than a continent dark with dying bees.

And you wonder whether
Bees that can die together
Will ever in sanity learn to live together.

Early on Sunday morning I heard one mutter,
"I — which-which — whick-a-bick-bick-binninna-gutter!"
But his brother bee close by
In the drizzle dizzily high
Glowed like a firefly,
His wings a blur in electric fur.
He gave a choreographic twirl
And a pointed pirouette
Like a dancing girl.

In the mornings the bee-marriages
Are apparent to all,
In all the baby-carriages
That lollop or creep
Along the street
As the beewives ambulate for things to eat.
When it was freezier, sneezier,
Bee Wees wore hoods and coveralls zippered.
Now they have fewer garments,
Freer, easier.
Their arms and legs get kippered
By the rubicund sun
That is hot on the necks and backs of everyone.

Goldcrash, razzledazzle, marching music storms.
Look at the uniforms!
Look at the
Be-busby-ed bee
With the jumping, plunging knee.

Queen bee,
Who is she?
O most delirious of bee forms,
Twirling and tossing glitter!
Beewives are all atwitter.
The swarm swarms.

Up high
Near to the sky
There's sunny funny
Musical money.
Infatuated furry gnomes
In high glass towers and tiers and combs
Hive the golden honey.

In the halls of council
Scarcely one bee of Uz,
Only a furious, curious
Buzzbuzzbuzzbuzz.
Bees with stings
Clot together to discombobulate things.
All for the apiary? Hardly a bee.
"Honey for us!" "Honey for me!" "For me!"

Laboratory bees,
Planning neither salvation nor perdition,
Extracting Hades—or Millenial ease—
From a little atomic fission.

Staggers home a beparceled bee.
(Of course a She.)
Enters the door beneath the glass marquee.
And out spurts he
Quick and slick and bound on a spree,
Just now buzzing a beebody through the 'phone.
O drone!

You have seen them swarm.
And now it is spring again
And the weather is warm,
The slant-eyed, furry-eared Pan bee
Flutters his reeds as he leans on a straggling tree
That stands in a little mud grave
On the street side of the pave.
Plays, does he,
Twee, twee, twee,
Tweedledeedee!
And all around him, under
The big gold city moon,
Hearts beat a roll like thunder.
Bees swoon.

In the soil
Bees toil.
In the coil and the moil
Where the big works boil
Bees embroil
And disembroil,
Sweat, and recoil.
Master bees pour on the oil.
But I heard a bee
Saying in the morning,
"She
loves
me!"
Swaggering free
In jubilee;
Singing, "What a bee! What a bee!
What a bee!"
Madly he
Strutted and sang, and gladly he
Declared, "Egad, I'm a bee, bee, bee—
And I'm glad
I'm a bee!"

* * *

"When," says *American Notes & Queries,* "H. L. Mencken, writing in the *Smart Set* in 1920, was lamenting the absence of an *American Notes & Queries,* the editors of the present flesh-and-blood *AN&Q* (7 W. 44, N Y C) were still reading Henty and *St. Nicholas* (and probably other things of less impressive cast). A few weeks back, Mencken himself ran across his quarter-of-a-century-old 'prophecy' and sent it on to *AN&Q's* custodians, who were not a little pleased at having put his proposal into successful operation without having known that he had made it.

"*American Notes & Queries* is celebrating its Fifth Birthday, and hastens to say that this is not just a round-number anniversary. It is, rather, a token of survival through a war which forced many a noble enterprise into temporary retreat and threw *AN&Q* into the dubiously preferable state of tragi-comic existence. The only fact which enables its editors to forget that darker age is this: That in these five years they have built up a cumulative American medium of exchange, through which a vast amount of information becomes accessible within one printed source."

* * *

Writes Katherine Lyon Mix of Lawrence, Kansas:

It is my hope also that Vincent Starrett will rise to your lure in regard to Arthur Cosslett Smith and write more fully of that neglected author. . . . In the 1890's he wrote for *The Yellow Book* under the pseu-

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donym C. S. Three young men of talent, Smith, Stanley Makower, and Oswald Sickert, brother of Richard, contributed a group of three sketches, *contes* was the approved term I believe, to volume II of *The Yellow Book* under the initials, V., O., C.S.: Miss Ella D'Arcy, herself a "Buried Caesar," is my authority for their identification. I think they are all dead now. C.S. also appeared in volumes III, IV, and V. I shall be much interested to learn if Mr. Starrett knows how Cosslett Smith happened to find that outlet for his work.

* * *

The following parody of the earlier T. S. Eliot seems to me of a certain merit.

SWEENEY AMONG THE WEBSTERS

—Bacchus and His Pards

Podocephalous. The peduncle
Supports a single inflorescence.
Taffy, Sweeney's Cymric uncle,
Whispers that time is of the essence.

Vastly deteriorated from
The mark that he was always up to—
Providence bites a phthisic thumb
At lips Silenus held the cup to.

Podsnap, in a word, is drunk.
Poecilonymy, the undone thing
Murmurs, outlandish as Podunk,
With uses of several names for one thing.

Sweeney and Taffy now support,
With Plimsoll mark submerged in spirit,
The victim of much Bacchic snort,
Gone putrilaginous, or near it.

Grishkin retrieves her mottled face
In bold mammiferous abandon.
Sweeney was trumping Podsnap's ace
With pneumaticity his hand on.

Taffy opines the Solvay process
Has wrought such miracles with sodium.
Podsnap honks from red proboscis.
They prop his odium on a podium.

Grishkin re-soignées, grieving most
Potulence of her *aurea canis.*
Yet ponders Taffy as a host
Perhaps more near Don Belianis.

Miss Helen Slingsby would not like
The poissarde, or the rôle of Sweeney.
Podsnap dreams he rides a bike,
And mumbles, "You're an awful meanie!"

The pericranium of the souse
Is all a mocha brown penumbra.
Grishkin cracks and kills a louse
As Sweeney asks her for her numbra.

Now both, like Corinth's Sisyphus
Heave up the sagged Podsnappian shoulders,
But fail, and limply flag a bus.
Podsnap rolls among the boulders.

Grishkin glides into the gloom.
Riverside whispers, "Itsky-bitsky?"
Peruginesque, her dreams assume
A perfume of the real perwitsky.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 632

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter ***in the required*** *word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Made or carried on with secrecy (Comp).

B. A means of entering.

C. Last name of a character in "She Stoops To Conquer."

D. Philosophical system originated by the "Prince of Scholastics" (1225-74).

E. Hideous or cruel men.

F. Lowest point; time of lowest depression.

G. Stupidly headstrong or stubborn person.

H. Novel by a Kentuckian writer (1849-1925).

I. Harangues (vb.; humorously).

J. Mean, unsatisfactory, or worthless.

K. Free from admixture or adulteration (as drinks).

L. Pertaining to the hilarotragedy (after the inventor).

M. Mummylike figure deposited in a tomb with the mummy (Egypt. Relig.)

N. Despondency; low spirits.

O. Popular name for a certain baseball team of the American League.

P. Treaty negotiated by Daniel Webster and an English representative, in 1842.

Q. Legislation (1778, 1791) by which Parliament restored civil and political rights to Roman Catholics (2 wds.)

R. Deserted; forsook.

S. First wife of Mohammed and mother of Fatima.

T. American landscape painters, father and son (1825-1926).

U. Unemotional.

V. Author of "Nathan der Weise" (1779).

W. Deceives.

X. Love of the woods or forest.

Y. With a deathlike appearance.

WORDS

95 74 99 129 170 164 169 104
62 152 113 6 166 35 43

96 138 61 175 150 112 146

108 57 68 92 162 159 100
54 45 147 13 107

46 26 154 174 63

143 55 33 49 84 30 119 132

110 181 17 179 120 125 160 77 168 29
151 27 7 83 42 39

31 41 148 51 12 114 97 75
21 47 38 115

53 121 88 2 58 70 117 81 158 128

127 72 59 80 180 3 32
48 101 126 36 139

142 109 11 173 23

171 89 52 155 93 165 103 91 116

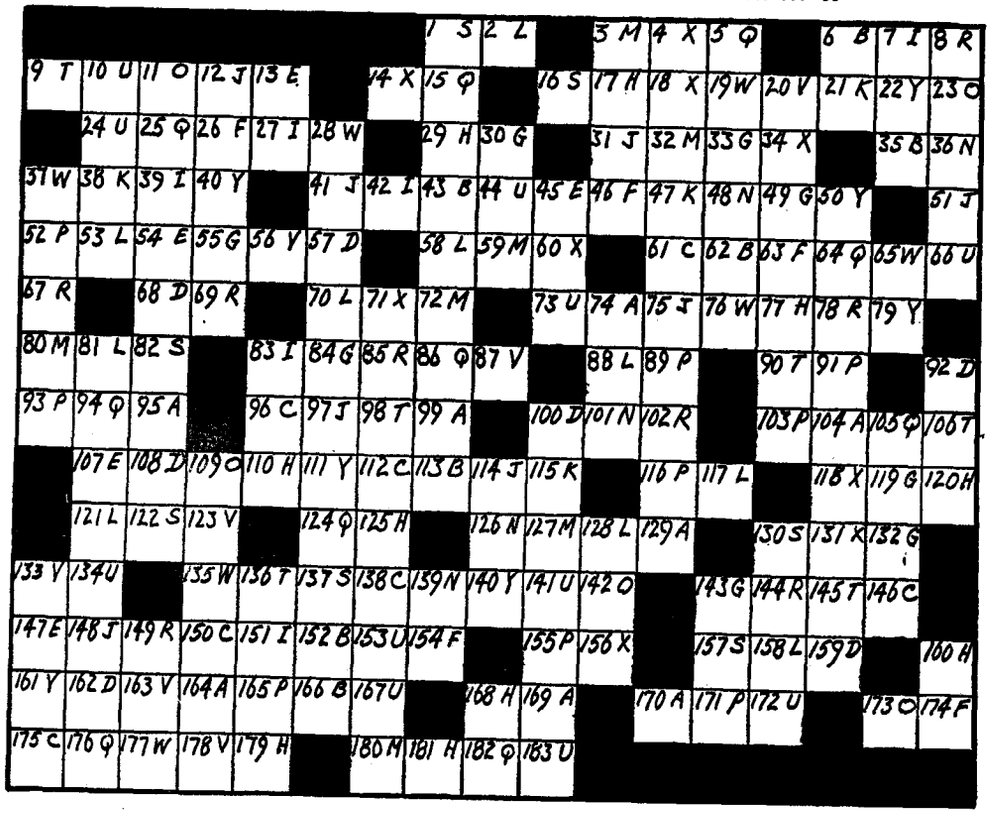
86 5 176 64 182 15 105 94 25 124

8 78 69 144 149 67 85 102
16 157 130 82 1 137 122
9 136 106 145 90 98

73 10 24 66 44 134 183 141 153 167 172
163 87 123 133 20 178 56

177 19 37 135 76 65 28

131 60 118 14 18 4 71 34 156
22 40 161 79 140 111 50



The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

TAKING in hand that list of modern poets in the Macmillan ad in the *SRL* Poetry Issue, I hied me to the imposing library in their building on lower Fifth Avenue in hopes of making the acquaintance of at least a dozen new to me, for your enjoyment. Mrs. Potter, the librarian, most helpfully set the feast before me. I emerged with one selection comprehensible to me, but I shall try again.

Talking of libraries, this is the time of year when I like to remind New Yorkers of the charm and availability of the Mercantile Library, 17 East 47th St., where for five dollars a year you can take out a book daily if you wish and make use of all the good magazines in the restful reading-room on the second floor. Beginning with May, subscribers may for an extra dollar—and the postage involved—take out ten books, excluding new ones on demand, to keep until October if they wish.

In *The New York Times* for April 10th, under "Books-Authors," was the following: "Duell, Sloan & Pearce has announced that Hugh MacLennon has received the Governor General's Literary Award for fiction for his novel 'Two Solitudes.' The silver medals are given annually for the best books of Canadian authorship by the Canadian Authors' Association. Mr. MacLennon is also the author of 'Barometer Rising.'" You may recall a note in this column not long ago from Dorothy Duncan MacLennon (Mrs. Hugh), herself a writer, expressing the family's interest in our DC's.

Romaji, used in a recent DC, may have bewildered some of you, but, as is so often the case, a word up till now a comparative stranger suddenly looms in the newspapers as of importance. Thus is Japan discussing the desirability of at last throwing overboard its cumbersome alphabet for *Romaji*.

We are saddened to learn through a family friend of his of the sudden passing in February of Samuel D. Davis, San Francisco, who, with Mrs. Davis, was one of our most wide-awake DCers, and whose query as to the source of the Kipling quotation poem (# 614) appeared so recently in this column.

A final word about *bouillabaisse* comes from Laura Usher, loyal Portland Mainer, who "was thrilled over DC # 622 as we are born and bred in the soil of Maine and know how true Kenneth Roberts's words are."

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...IT RESPECTS NEITHER AGE NOR SEX

IF this child were yours...you would do anything to save him from cancer.

Cancer now ranks second as a cause of death in the United States: **unless something is done about it, 17,000,000 American men, women and children now living will die of cancer.**

That means that an average of one in every eight of us faces eventual death from this most dreaded of all diseases!

Cancer is no respecter of age or sex: more than 175,000 men, women and children will be its victims during 1946 in this country alone. While medical science has been winning victories over many diseases, deaths from cancer have been steadily increasing. Today more children between the ages of 5 and 20 die of cancer than die of the following four diseases combined: Diphtheria, Infantile Paralysis, Scarlet Fever and Whooping Cough.

The great tragedy of this is that 30% to 50% of cancer deaths are needless. They could have been saved by early recognition of the symptoms of cancer and by early and proper treatment.

It is up to every one of us to help in the fight against cancer on three fronts:

1. To spread the knowledge that cancer is frequently curable if diagnosed in its earliest stages. 2. To provide the most modern facilities for the care and treatment of present cancer patients, and, 3. To launch a really comprehensive, nationwide cancer research program to find the basic cause and cure of cancer.

No one is safe from cancer. And no sacrifice is too great to protect a loved one from it.

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- ☐ Please send me the name and address of the nearest cancer information center.

Name_____
PRINT
Street_____
City_____ State_____
ACS No. 2

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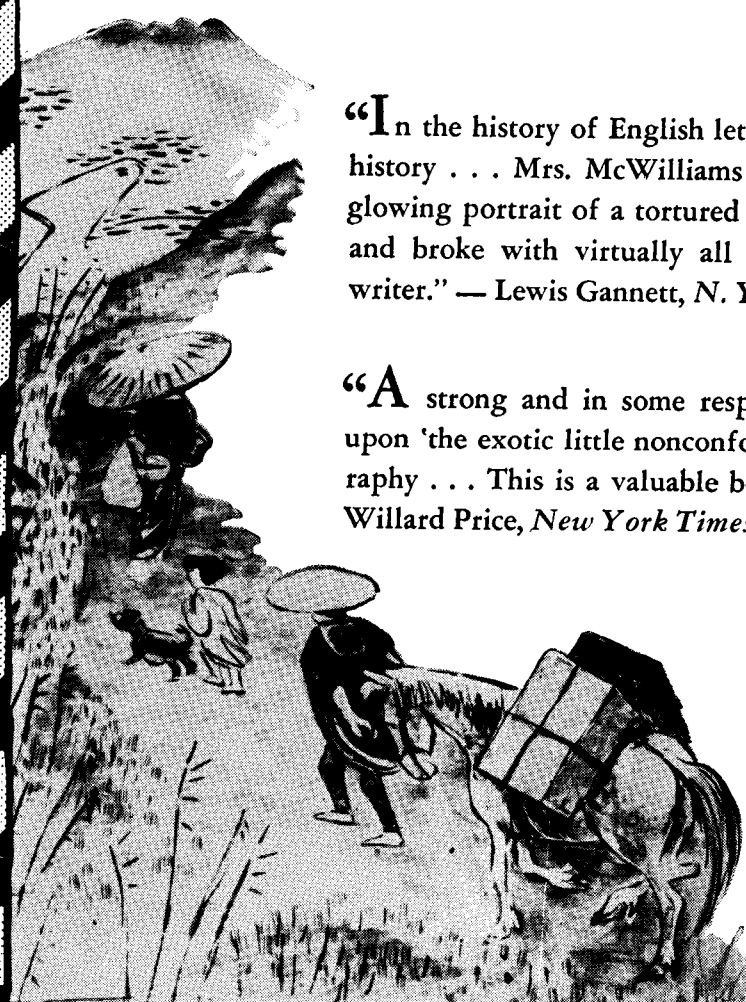
VERA McWILLIAMS



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New York Sun

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